THE

JUVENILE MAGAZINE,

OR

MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY

OF

USEFUL INFORMATION.

VOL. II.

Printed for
BENJAMIN JOHNSON, No. 31,
High-Street.

1802.

AP200
.J6
34432
'03

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

The Wanderer.

" Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart.
" A broken reed at beſt, but oft a ſpear,
" On whoſe ſharp point, peace bleeds and hope expires.

YOUNG.

" OH where is happineſs ?" exclaim'd a diſconſolate wanderer. " I have ſought it in the palaces of the worldly great : I have purſued it through the flowery paths of pleaſure ; but alas ! I have purſued it in vain : in vain have I ſought this ineſtimable bleſſing. Now friendleſs and alone, I traverſe the thorny road of human life,

deſtitute of every real enjoyment; tell me, oh, tell me, where is happineſs to be found?"

Whilſt alleviating the keen ſenſations of remorſe, by a ſolitary recital of his woes, his attention was ſuddenly attracted by the appearance of a venerable old man, who with a deliberate ſtep was approaching towards him; his ſnowy locks proclaimed an advanced age, whilſt his countenance, (that index of the ſoul) beſpoke the abode of wiſdom and experience; caſting a look replete with the utmoſt compaſſion on this child of affliction, he thus addreſſed him,

"My ſon, from the borders of the adjacent wood, whither I had walked to ſurvey the beauties of creation, I heard thy complaints; they have inſpired my mind with ſenſations of ſympathy and love, and induced me to endeavour by a relation of paſt experience, to adminiſter to thy comfort and inſtruction.—

I once was young; the blood of health flowed through my veins; my bones were full of marrow: eager to find the path which leads to happineſs, I ruſhed unthinking towards the deſired mark; but ah! like thee, I oft miſtook the road. Buoyed up by hope, and urged on by the

impetuoſity of youthful paſſions, I traverſed with eagerneſs the flowery paths of pleaſure, and ſucked in with avidity the momentary fragrance of ſenſual delights. I had recourſe to the amuſements of the ball-room; I thought happineſs was to be found in the gaiety of the dance; I gazed with admiration on the ſplendour of the great, and thought the higheſt zenith of all human felicity, was to be found within the walls of a palace.

But in the midſt of my revelling, my peace was interrupted. A ſecret monitor diſturbed my gay career, and thoſe falſe ſenſations of delight, that attended in my hours of amuſement, forſook me when I retired alone to my chamber, and left me a prey to its reproofs. Many were the ſchemes which I formed, to elude its vigilance; but it followed me with inflexible conſtancy, and oft times obliged me tacitly to confeſs, Happineſs is not here. 'Tis thus I paſſed the early morning of life in the purſuit of fancied delights, that were decked in the gaudy attire of the roſe; but when ſuddenly graſped, only left me to feel the painful ſmart of its thorns.

When the routine of pleaſure was exhauſted, when the ſcenes in which I had

delighted, and in which I had drowned the reproofs of inſtruction, inſtead of yielding happineſs, only produced diſguſt; when the wanton extravagance attendant on a life of diſſipation, had nearly deprived me of a handſome patrimony, and threatened with impending want; 'tis then I felt myſelf wretched and undone, and with thee was led to exclaim, "Tell me, oh tell me, where is happineſs to be found?"

In the firſt moments of alarm, when the creditor was demanding his due, which I was unable immediately to ſatisfy, I applied to my former aſſociates for relief; but they who had been my friends in proſperity, forſook me when the frowns of adverſity approached.

Diſguſted with the world, and a burthen to myſelf, I was on the point of retiring from its tumults; and within the walls of a monaſtery, dedicate myſelf to a life of what is called devotion; but the heavenly Viſitant, which diſturbed my falſe repoſe, and faithfully reproved whilſt I was violating its commands, ſtill continued its beneficent aid, and after thoroughly cleanſing the receſſes of the wound, applied healing balſamics to effect its cure: it taught me to know, that nega-

tive virtue was not the path for a chriſtian to tread, but *that* in fulfilling the great duties of religion, an active obedience to its mandates is required. Its counſels were ſweet to my taſte, and divine conſolation was the reward of fidelity.

I applied myſelf to a life of induſtry; I was favoured to obtain an amiable and virtuous partner: a bountiful Providence ſmiled on our exertions; we were bleſſed with enough, and a little to ſpare. Under our roof we have ſheltered the fatherleſs, and from our threſhold the diſconſolate widow hath not been ſent empty and unpitied away. In viſiting the ſick; in feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked; in endeavouring to poſſeſs a portion of that celeſtial charity, which adorns the IMMACULATE AUTHOR of the chriſtian faith, I have been favoured to find happineſs, I have been bleſſed with peace; and that unerring director which chaſtiſed for my deviation from virtue's path, is now the ſtaff of my declining years: it preſerves me humble in proſperity, it ſolaces me in affliction, it ſweetens the enjoyments of time, and enables me to look forward with reverent confidence to the awful approach of eternity.

Take comfort then my ſon; let gratitude to thy God, and love to thy fellow creatures, prove the ſpring of thy actions. Carefully guard againſt retaining for the altar of ſelf-applauſe, any part of that oblation, which ſhould be unreſervedly proſtrated at the ſhrine of humility."

Thus ſpoke the reverend ſage; and as the dew-drops of the night revive the drooping plant, by imparting nouriſhment and moiſture to its root, ſo were his words to the Wanderer; he liſtened with attention, he heard them with delight, and convinced that happineſs was not to be found in the gratification of ideal pleaſures, but that it conſiſted in more dignified purſuits, he returned to his habitation. He paſſed a life of piety, and found the pearl of peace.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

A Thought.

AS I was paſſing along the ſtreet on one of the moſt tempeſtuous days of laſt

week, I heard the ſound of an horn, and looking up, ſaw it was from the poſtman juſt arrived. I could not but remark the deplorable ſtate of the man and his carriage—beſplattered with mud, and fully beſpeaking the rough roads and inclement ſeaſon; and yet his countenance beamed with ſatisfaction, expreſſive of this ſignificant language,—Well I have had a rough time to be ſure, often ready to give out, yet here I am ſafe with the truſt committed to my charge. My mind was forcibly and inſtantaneouſly led to compare this man's ſituation with the journey through life.

We ſet off when young on this journey, having certain talents committed to us—we know not whether our road will be more or leſs difficult; but it is our duty to travel it with patience and perſeverance to the end, let the dangers be more or leſs: and provided we are cautious and patient, if we hold the precious depoſit ſafe, when arrived at the end of our journey, we ſhall then with confidence be enabled to blow the joyful horn, to deliver up the talents committed to us, with the pleaſing hope, of receiving the approbation of "well done good and faithful

ſervant, thou haſt endured much for my ſake, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord, and into thy heavenly maſter's reſt."

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

The Budget, No. II.

"There was much *talk*, but no converſation."
DR. JOHNSON.

THE converſation of perſons who are realy ſenſible, and well-informed, conſtitutes a pleaſure which can never produce ſatiety. It is a luxury, the enjoyment of which, ſerves only to encreaſe the appetite of him who taſtes it. The ſentiments of mankind, as they are pourtrayed in books, are clothed with ſtudied decorations, which often render the meaning of an author obſcure. They reſemble a perſon, ornamented with unuſual finery, for a public exhibition; conſcious that the eyes of many are upon him, his motions

are conſtrained, and he does not act with his accuſtomed freedom. In private converſation theſe diſagreeable formalities are avoided: if the company are friends, and under no reſtraint, their words proceed directly from the heart; and are, of conſequence, more pleaſing than laboured diſquiſitions.

The common-place chit-chat, or ſmall talk, which ſome triflers indulge in, deſerves not the name of converſation. It is degrading to a rational being, that his ideas ſhould mechanically turn upon one point; yet we may every day meet perſons, whoſe firſt queſtion is, "Which way is the wind?" whoſe memory ſeems employed only to remind them what weather they experienced yeſterday; whose genius is exerciſed only in conjecturing whether to-morrow will be clear or cloudy; whoſe moſt profound obſervations are, "to-day is very warm, or very cold." Such an inſipid mortal moves my indignation, and I can ſcarce forbear to cry out, with Hotſpur, "O, I could brain himwith a lady's fan."

There are many who delight to interlard their diſcourſe with high-ſounding polyſyllables; thinking, no doubt, their obſervations acquire an additional dignity

from being delivered in a ſtyle almoſt unintelligible to vulgar hearers. Of this claſs is my friend DICK MUSTY; bred up from his infancy in a ſtudy, he is deeply verſed in Greek and Roman literature; nor indeed, is there an ancient or modern language, into which he has not had ſome inſight: his reading has been almoſt univerſal, and he has acquired an enormous maſs of information. But well qualified as he is for beſtowing amuſement and inſtruction, he never fails to diſguſt by his pedantry and affectation. I happened the other evening to make one of a mixed company, in which Dick was preſent: a young lady, willing to pay a compliment to his learning, enquired of him, whether Homer or Virgil was the greateſt poet? "Why, madam," ſaid he, aſſuming an air of great conſequence, "as a preliminary to my definitively replying to your interrogative, it will be requiſite to reſolve determinately what conſtitutes poetry. This, madam, is a matter that is not competently aſcertained. Ariſtotle has defined it to be ſomething irrelevant from truth, or fictitious: Plato's opinion coincided with Ariſtotle's; but ſome arrogant modern

ignoramus, hath preſumed to contro-vene their equitable deciſion." Here the lady loſing her patience, interrupted my friend's harangue by deſiring him to reach her a glaſs of water.

JACK SPLASH, another of my acquaintance, is guilty of a very oppoſite fault; deſpiſing the character of a pedant, he affects a vulgarity of language, which is equally blameable; he often introduces oaths, vulgar proverbs, and cant terms into his converſation. Speaking of Dick Muſty, the other day, he remarked, with a ſignificant ſhake of his head, "That's a knowing one; up to ſlum, as the ſaying is; upper rooms full of high-flown lingo," &c. Now this is perfectly diſguſting, and he who ſuffers himſelf to uſe ſuch language, ſhould be baniſhed forever from civilized ſociety.

TIMOTHY TOUCHPENNY.

Natural History.

Order I.—Primates.

Baboons.

THESE conſtitute the ſecond diviſion of the ape kind, and form a large, fierce, and formidable race. They approach more nearly to the configuration of the brute than the man, having all the wild impetuous motions of the former: they are moreover furniſhed with a tail, a prominent face, and ſharp claws, which ſerve them as inſtruments of annoyance or defence.

The baboon, properly ſo called, grows to the height of from three to four feet, generally walks on four feet, though capable of preſerving the erect poſture; is extremely libidinous and vindictive, though ſome ſpecies, when detached from

their kind, may be trained to habits of comparative mildneſs and docility. They are all, however, naturally miſchievous, and inſpire terror from their ferocious aſpect. They are moſt numerous in Spain and Africa, particularly in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, where they are ſometimes trained to guard the houſes like dogs.

Large Baboon, or Papio.

This animal has a very canine aſpect, in ſome parts of a bright vermilion colour, truncated at the extremity like that of a hog. The hair on the forehead is extremely long and black, and forms a kind of pointed creſt; the arms, legs, and head, are covered with ſhort black and yellow hair intermixed; the breaſt with whitiſh hair of a yellow tinge; the buttocks are naked, and the whole appearance is diſguſting.

This creature grows ſometimes to the height of five feet; its ſtrength is very formidable, and all its propenſities are ſavage. It lives chiefly on ſucculent fruits and nuts, and rejects all kinds of fleſh, unleſs previouſly dreſſed; but, in

a ſtate of captivity, will drink immoderate quantities of wine or brandy.

This is a large, ugly, diſguſting animal, with a long muzzle of a bluiſh colour, ſtrongly marked with wrinkles, which give it a very hideous aſpect. It more frequently walks erect than on all-fours; and, when diſpleaſed, mutters a kind of infantine whine. One of this ſpecies was formerly exhibited in England; which, though pretty tame, appeared ſtupid, and had contracted a habit of blowing on thoſe who approached it. There are ſeveral varieties of this kind. It is a native of the Gold Coaſt.

Pigtail Baboon.

Buffon gives this animal the appellation of the *maimon*. It ſeems to connect the baboon with the monkey family, having a curled tail ſix inches long, from which it receives its name, and a prominent viſage of a ſwarthy red colour. It is about the ſize of a cat, and is a native of Sumatra and Japan.

This creature is extremely docile, and may be taught numerous tricks. Mr. Edwards kept one of them a whole year in London; and, diſcovering another of

the ſame ſpecies at a ſhew of wild beaſts, he brought the two exiles together, when they gave evident indications of their mutual ſatisfaction at the unexpected interview.

Monkies.

THE diſcriminating characteriſtic of this laſt diviſion of the ape kind is the length of the tail; an appendage, which in the two former diviſions is either very ſhort, or entirely wanting. More than fifty ſpecies of monkies have been diſcovered and traced by naturaliſts; indeed the tropical countries ſwarm with them, and every foreſt is inhabited by a different kind. Being generally of a diminutive ſize, they rather amuſe by their tricks than alarm by their numbers or their powers. They are eaſily reſtrained by correction; and, when reduced to a ſtate of captivity, ſoon begin to exerciſe their ſportive mimicries. In their native haunts, however, where men ſeldom intrude, when they find an unprotected individual, they immediately commence their petty hoſtilities, chatter round him, and throw withered branches of trees, and even their own excrements, at his

head. Nevertheleſs, the hunting of them affords no little diverſion to ſportſmen, who deſtroy numbers of them, not for any purpoſe of utility, but from wanton cruelty: a barbarous paſtime, which can only furniſh pleaſure to vacant uncultivated minds, and is wholly indefenſible. We can particularize only a very few ſpecies.

Hare-Lipped Monkey.

The noſtrils of this animal, which is about the ſize of a ſmall grey-hound, are divided like thoſe of the hare; the head is large, the eyes are ſmall, and the body is of a clumſy form; the colour varies from brown to olive; the tail, which is rather ſhorter than the body, is always carried archways. This ſpecies inhabits Guinea and Angola, and is full of frolic and ridiculous grimaces.

Green Monkey.

Buffon calls this ſpecies the *callitriche*, and Edwards the *St. Jago monkey*. It has a black noſe, and a red flattiſh face, bounded by long yellow hair, falling backwards, like a muſtachio, and almoſt co-

vering the ears. The body is principally covered with yellow-greeniſh hairs, but the belly is of a ſilvery hue. This elegant monkey is about the ſize of a cat, and is extremely agile and inoffenſive, it inhabits various parts of Africa, the Cape Verd Iſlands, and the Eaſt-Indies.

Negro Monkey.

This ſpecies is about the ſize of a large cat, and is very common in Guinea. It is lively, entertaining, and good-natured; qualities, which render it a favourite with the admirers of this tribe. The face is of a tawny fleſh-colour, ſprinkled with a few black hairs; the breaſt and belly are nearly of the ſame hue, while the hair on the reſt of the body is long and black.

Chinese Monkey.

Buffon calls this ſpecies the *bonnet Chinois*. It is a native of Ceylon; has a long noſe of a whitiſh colour; the hair on the cover of the head is long, and parts in the middle; the body is of a pale brown. Theſe animals aſſemble in troops to plunder orchards, corn fields, &c.

and are ſo little intimidated at the preſence of man, that, when driven from one extremity of an incloſure, they enter at the other, carrying off as much booty as their mouths and arms will contain.

Full-Bottomed Monkey.

The natives of Sierra Leona honour this ſpecies with the title of *bey* or *king of the monkies;* they hunt it, however, for its ſkin, which they apply to ſeveral uſeful purpoſes. It has a ſhort black naked face, and a ſmall head; its ſhoulders are beſpread with a long coarſe flowing hair of a dirty-yellow colour, mixed with black, reſembling a full-bottomed periwig, while the greateſt part of its body is covered with black gloſſy hair; this laſt colour makes a ſingular contraſt with the former: the tail is very long, and of a ſnowy whiteneſs, with a tuft at its extremity.

The Preacher Monkey.

Buffon calls this ſpecies the *ouarine.* It is about the ſize of a fox, has long black hair, black ſhining eyes, and a round beard under the chin and throat;

the tail is of conſiderable length, and twiſted at the end. This ſpecies inhabits the woods of Brazil and Guinea. It is common for one of theſe creatures to aſcend a tree, while the reſt of its kind remain ſilent ſpectators below; it then ſets up a loud and ſhrill howl, which may be heard at ſome diſtance; and after having harangued its brethren for ſome time, it makes a ſignal with its hand, when the whole aſſembly join in chorus; which they continue till a ſecond ſignal commands ſilence. The noiſe on ſuch occaſions is more hideous than can well be imagined. Theſe creatures are very fierce and intractable.

Fair Monkey.

This is the *mico* of Buffon, and is a very beautiful and elegant ſpecies. The head is ſmall and round, and the face and ears are of a lively vermilion colour; its body is about eight inches long, and its tail twelve. Theſe animals inhabit the ſequeſtered banks of the river of the Amazons. Condamine, to whom one of them was preſented by the governor of Para, informs us that the hair of the body was more venerably white than any human hair, while the tail was of a deep brown, inclining to blackneſs.

Providence.

"I HAVE been thrown from my poney," ſaid a little boy to his father: "but by *chance* I am not hurt."—"I am glad to hear of your ſafe eſcape, my dear child, but you ought to aſcribe it to PROVIDENCE. Chance is blind, and cannot protect us; Providence watches over all.

"Look round on nature—on thoſe things moſt obvious to your ſenſes—the plants, trees, animals, and yourſelf: lift your eyes to heaven—ſee the beautiful regularity of the planetary orbs, the return of day and night, and the revolution of ſeaſons; then reflect—can theſe things be the effect of Chance! No! A ſupreme power rules and directs the order of the univerſe, and holds the chain of events. Learn to acknowledge this great and good Being in every thing that befalls you. Pay him the homage of thankful praiſe for his benefits: adore his unſearchable wiſdom when he afflicts; and repoſe an humble confidence in his mercy and protection, amidſt the various ills that beſet the path of human life. Extend

your views beyond the preſent ſcene to permanent poſſeſſions and pure pleaſures; and entitle yourſelf to their enjoyment, by ſtudying to obey the will of him who placed you here. Look up to his ſuperintending Providence for every bleſſing you would wiſh to receive, and every danger you are anxious to avoid; and ſcorn to be indebted to *Chance* for what you really owe to your FATHER and your GOD."

The Amateur: No. III.

—Notandi ſunt tibi mores.
HORACE.

Study manners.

HISTORY is a kind of writing which has received the warmeſt recommendations of the polite and the learned in every age. Forming the agreeable union of buſineſs and amuſement, of information and delight, it has acquired readers of every claſs, whether prompted by ambition, or invited by pleaſure. The great and re-

markable events to which revolutions have given birth, the various heroes who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves amidſt the terror of theſe revolutions; the wiſe Alfred, the intriguing Cromwell, and the ſuffering Charles; theſe form a ſubject of grave ſpeculation and elegant amuſement, to which the philoſopher and the poet may apply themſelves without the danger of diſguſt or fatigue.

It is not the leaſt of the many advantages derivable from the ſtudy of hiſtory that it enlarges our views of human nature. Here man is exhibited under a great variety of characters, which is again diſplayed under as great a variety of ſituations. A picture, thus filled with the different images in which man appears muſt be pleaſing to many, and inſtructive to all. But there is much learning of this ſort which it does not fall within the province of the hiſtorian, properly ſo called, to inculcate. The magnificent pleaſures and ſublime ſufferings of royalty; the ſplendid achievements of the great, and the accidental renown of the fortunate; the arts by which ambition accompliſhes its deſigns, and the tremendous juſtice by which they are ſometimes overtaken; theſe are the materials

out of which the hiſtorian creates for his readers inſtruction, and for himſelf immortality.

The delineation of characters, leſs public, the deſcription of ſcenes leſs conſpicuous, than thoſe which have a claim upon the hiſtorian, fall to the lot of the biographer. The compoſitions of the latter though leſs dignified than thoſe of the former, are not, perhaps, much their inferiors in the entertainment they afford, or the utility they produce. The lives of kings and the events of empire, though they may dazzle by their brilliancy and aſtoniſh by their magnitude, are too remote from the common circumſtances of ſociety to obtain a deep impreſſion in the mind. The villainy of a Richard may excite our abhorrence, and the magnanimity of a Cato may excite our veneration; but as the one character is too ſublime for a pattern to imitate, ſo is the other too degenerate for an example to deter. In reading the lives of men whoſe virtues and whoſe vices are more familiar with our common experience of excellence and depravity, we feel an intereſt which hardly ever attends us, when theſe virtues and theſe vices riſe greatly above,

or fall greatly below the ordinary ſtandard of human nature.

The hiſtorian generally reſtricts himſelf likewiſe, to the outlines of thoſe characters which he profeſſes to draw. The nicer features and minuter, diſcriminations, thoſe grand inlets to the ſecret of character, he entirely omits, which too often leaves the judgment without a rule by which it may guide itſelf, and without a principle by which it may decide. In ſcenes of high and public importance we behold the *actor* rather than the *man*. There is a kind of diſguiſe, which it is the art of every one ſometimes, to aſſume, and which is either deep or ſuperficial according to the greatneſs, or indifference of the occaſion for which it is aſſumed. When the hiſtorian introduces his perſonage, it is generally for ſome lofty purpoſe; to harrangue in parliament, to lead an army into the field, to preſide in a court of juſtice, or to fill ſome conſpicuous office in which the private character is neither ſeen, nor thought of. The biographer, having little elſe than his hero to draw his attention, is enabled to exhibit him in a more particular manner, as well in the quiet of ſolitude, as in the buſtle of active life—as well amidſt the

love and reſpect of his family, as amidſt the applauſes of the world.

It is in the little occupation of home concerns that the true character reveals itſelf. Unconſtrained by thoſe ceremonies which company enjoins, unmaſked from that diſguiſe in which we prepare ourſelves for the public eye, we are fond of opportunities to indulge our real temper, and to gratify the favourite weakneſs of our diſpoſition. Indeed there are many little virtues which can be exerciſed only when the mind is at its fulleſt liberty, and when the ſcenes by which we are occupied, are of a familiar and tender kind. To diſplay theſe little virtues and theſe little weakneſſes of the diſpoſition is a favourite employment of the biographer, inaſmuch as it leads to a perfect developement of the character who poſſeſſes them. Nor can the pleaſure or the inſtruction, derived from a view of a man's private hours, be deemed vain or contemptible. On the contrary, it tends to improve us in that domeſtic kind of morality, which forms the dutiful child, the faithful parent, and the affectionate huſband.

There is ſtill a third claſs of literary men, the fictitious and the periodical wri-

ter, who profeſs a nicer accuracy in the delineation of their characters than even the biographer himſelf. As it belongs to their taſk to teach the fine and elegant doctrine of *manners*, a doctrine no leſs pure than morals, and no leſs learned than philoſophy, it is neceſſary for them to go into a thouſand particulars of behaviour and addreſs, which may by diſpenſed with by either of the other claſs. I hope I ſhall not be accuſed of advocating the frippery of *Paris*, or the foppiſh refinement of *Chesterfield*, if I recommend the ſtudy of manners as highly conducive to reſpectability, and as abſolutely neceſſary to the perfection of the gentleman and the ſcholar. It is they only who are the moſt ignorant of this ſtudy, who appear to have ſpent the greateſt portion of time about it. By obſerving the moſt exact formality in the meaneſt trifles, and by aſſuming upon all occaſions the moſt conceited and ridiculous airs, they are apt to extend the contempt, due only to themſelves; to that ſoftening and gentle art, of which an awkward imitation appears ſilly and deſpicable. It is the man of ſenſe and delicacy, and him alone, upon whom this dignified and graceful accompliſhment, can ſit eaſy and elegantly.

So appropriate is it to a great mind and improved taſte, that in one who is deficient in theſe qualities, it would carry the appearance of affectation.

As a periodical writer I feel it my duty to attend to a ſtudy ſo liberal and beneficial as that of *manners*, and to preſent to my readers ſuch examples of men endowed with ſolid yet ſhowy parts as will tend to illuſtrate the ſubject. The firſt perſon whom I ſhall ſelect for an example of this kind is Mr. HEARTWELL, a gentleman, in whoſe acquaintance I have, for many years, prided myſelf; as he is no leſs remarkable for the fine qualities of his heart, than for the rich powers of his mind. At a very early period of life he diſcovered, ſuch an unconquerable attachment to literature that his father was induced to ſend him to College, where he fulfilled the expectations of his friends, and drew the admiration of all around him. Soon after he left College his father died, from whom he inherited a magnificent fortune. Poſſeſſed of a genteel independence, Mr. HEARTWELL did not direct his eye to any particular profeſſion, but determined to gratify his curioſity for univerſal knowledge, a curioſity always the attendant of a great

mind. He accordingly commenced the tour of *Europe;* in perfecting which he was many years engaged. A great part of this time was ſpent in *London* and *Paris*, thoſe ſeats of faſhion and politeneſs, where he had an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with mankind; an acquaintance, the benefit of which he takes every occaſion of recommending with a warmth which does equal honour to his heart and underſtanding.

Soon after his return to America he connected himſelf with a lady, whoſe amiable heart, fine ſenſe, and elegant manners, form a happy correſpondence with his own character. Mr. HEARTWELL now lives in a rural town not far from the Capital of *New-England*. His chief employments are agriculture and books. The morning he ſpends in overlooking his workmen in the fields, or in plying the hoe in his garden, and the afternoon he devotes to his friends or his library.

I had occaſion, not long ago, to viſit this valuable acquaintance, who made himſelf more dear to me than ever he had done before, by acts of the moſt refined hoſpitality, as well as by many little exerciſes of genius and benevolence which

it is impoſſible to witneſs without a more than common degree of admiration. I arrived at his houſe about a quarter of an hour before dinner came upon the table. He received me in a manner which beſpoke the friend and the gentleman. It is difficult to communicate a perfect idea of ſo perfect a manner. It was reſpectful, but not formal; there was a warmth in it, yet it was dignified. His dinner conſiſted of a plain diſh for which he made a ſlight apology in a very few words. "I am too well acquainted with you," added he, "to ſuppoſe that you called upon me for a dinner. At any rate if I had known of your intended viſit a few hours before you arrived, I would have added another diſh to my table. Think not, therefore, that I make this apology ſo much out of reſpect to *you* as to cuſtom. An apology for a dinner is ſo common, even where it is unneceſſary, that a man would appear ſingular who did not make one. And ſingularity in matters where the conſcience is not concerned, carries the appearance of pride. It is the duty of every man" concluded he, "to obſerve thoſe little rules of what the world call *good breeding*, for by ſo doing we often obtain the eſteem of the worthieſt of mankind."

Adventures of a Family Bible.

Related by itſelf.

VARIOUS have been the adventures of beings and things, not more important than myſelf, which have been obtruded on the public; and therefore I hope my ſtory will be heard with patience: it ſhall be as conciſe as poſſible—embelliſhment would ill become me.

I was produced to light in the reign of James I. and being a new tranſlation of an excellent original work, which without boaſting I may ſay is of divine authority, I was ſoon received into a worthy family, conſiſting of a venerable couple, and two ſons and a daughter. The old people uſed to make their children read me every Sunday, and at other times, when they could find leiſure. Their own eyes began to fail them; but they conſtantly liſtened to me, and commented to their family on my beauties, and enforced the obſervance of my unerring precepts.

In this ſociety I was much valued. I was handſomely bound, and ornamented

with ſilver claſps. The names and ages of the young people were inſcribed in my front: I was indeed the depoſitory of the family ſecrets; and when the father died, he left me to his only daughter.

She had then reached the twentieth year of her age. For ſome time after the loſs of her parent, ſhe referred to me for conſolation; but, alas! impreſſions of ſorrow are ſoon effaced from the youthful heart. Her's gave place to a new favourite. An officer in the army paid his addreſſes to her: they were ſoon married; and though I was not diſcarded from the houſe, for more than twelve years my claſps were ſcarcely opened.

The war breaking out between Charles and his parliament, the huſband of my owner was called on duty. He fought for his King, and fell at the battle of Edge-Hill. My miſtreſs was inconſolable for his loſs; and began to think of me. Once more I aſſiſted in drying her tears. I told her they would meet again. This hope was balm to her wounded ſpirits—She kiſſed me with rapture; and during the remainder of her life took me for her inſtructor and guide.

It happened, that in the ſucceeding interval of confuſion, the property of my

firſt poſſeſſor's family came into diſpute: the regiſter of a birth was wanting to complete the title; and in the reign of Charles II. I was fortunately thought of, as being likely to afford ſome family records.—I was brought into a court of juſtice—where I am ſeldom quoted, though often kiſſed. My evidence was admitted—and I felt happy in being inſtrumental in ſerving the deſcendants of my firſt maſter.

For ſometime after, I knew not what became of me. I was ſo little uſed, that I fell into a trance: when I recovered, I found myſelf in the hands of a Puritan; from whom I learned, that none of my brethren had been much in vogue for many years; that *something* called HUDIBRAS had been more eſteemed: and my preſent maſter talked of nothing but the profanation that had been offered me, and the indignities I had undergone. He, indeed, did not give me leave to ſleep: I was conſtantly on his table; and being a preacher, he took me every Sunday up into the pulpit with him, and beat me with violence againſt the cuſhion. At this period, I certainly received a great ſhare of external homage;—but from ſome things I obſerved in private, I had

reaſon to conclude, that my advice was much more talked of than valued; for I am of no ſect—but the friend, the comforter of all.

Had not my frame been ſtrong, the Puritan would have, perhaps, been my laſt maſter; but I ſtood his rough uſage without much injury; and as I knew he did not mean to hurt me, I neither murmured nor complained. Many have been killed with kindneſs; but it is ſo pleaſant a kind of death, that few would refuſe it.

At the deceaſe of the Puritan, I was put up to ſale in a lot with *Thomas Aquinas*, and ſome manuſcripts againſt Popery. A Jeſuit caſting his eye on my companions wiſhed to be the purchaſer, that he might have an opportunity of deſtroying the *impious* and *heritical* writings that oppoſed the holy See. The poor manuſcripts had no quarter—they were immediately committed to the flames; and Engliſh being little ſhort of hereſy, in my new maſter's opinion, I believe I was ſaved rather out of regard to my binding than my contents. *Thomas Aquinas*, however, was treated with great diſtinction: and for the firſt time I found that the works of man were more valued than thoſe of his maker. I had ſome hopes that I

might have been able to infuſe a ſpark of Chriſtian Charity into the Jeſuit's heart; but the authority of the church, in his ſight, was more imperative than that on which it is pretended to be founded. I was at beſt neglected, till a young fellow who occaſionally uſed to diſpute with my owner againſt religion in general, taking a fancy to my exterior, and underſtanding no language ſave that in which I was printed, received me as a preſent—probably in the hopes that I might have a chance of converting him to Chriſtianity—and then the Jeſuit might with more facility give him *his* impreſſion of it.

Alas! in the hands of this new and reprobate maſter, I experienced not only neglect but inſult. I was never opened, but to be turned into ridicule among his free-thinking companions; but as free-thinking generally leads to free-action—drunkenneſs, and every ſpecies of debauchery, ſoon ſet me free from the tyranny of this impious poſſeſſor—He early fell a martyr to his irregularities; and in his laſt moments ſeemed to wiſh to ſhew me ſome marks of his contrition; but found time too ſhort to be ſatisfied of my celeſtial comforts.

His mother was a worthy old woman;

and as I had belonged to a favourite, though an ungracious ſon, ſhe was vaſtly fond of me, as a relic: but I muſt do her the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe lived according to my rules; and left the world in peace; firmly relying on the proſpects which I held out in another ſtate.

From this old lady, I paſſed into the hands of her waiting-maid, with a ſtrict injunction to attend to me, and to be a good girl. For ſome weeks I was not a little careſſed: wherever love or marriage was mentioned, I was ſure to be read: and I was indeed conſulted as an oracle in all that relates to what this world calls pleaſures. It was ſoon found, however, that I gave no ſanction to the irregular ſallies of the heart, to a perverſe diſpoſition, or a deceitful conduct; and therefore I ſoon ceaſed to pleaſe. The laſt and loweſt vice that can degrade woman —a propenſity to tippling, in a ſhort ſpace made it convenient for Abigail to pawn me. I was wrapped up in a petticoat; and, together, we were received as pledges for a guinea. A commentator on the ſcriptures, many months after, paſſing the ſhop where I lay unredeemed, turned his attention towards me: I appeared of a

ſize fit for his purpoſe, and was bought a great bargain.

None of thoſe who had hitherto uſed me had thought of ſoiling me; but I was now filled with marginal notes and explanations. My light was frequently turned into darkneſs; and thoſe expreſſions which the moſt ignorant might have underſtood, were loſt in a cloud of erudition, and tortured into meanings which even the wiſeſt could not have comprehended. How ridiculous is the pride of human learning when applied to biblical illuſtration! Can it be ſuppoſed that my divine author would have left any doubt or difficulty in his own injunctions; or given a chance to none but the learned to underſtand what he has commanded all to practiſe?

During ſome years it was the chief purſuit of this learned gentleman to ſtudy me, and confound my meaning; or what was worſe, to wreſt it to his own pre-conceived opinions. He was, however, conſcientious in what he did: he was blinded by his own imaginary ſagacity—and as a monument of his labours, bequeathed me, at his death, to the college library to which he had formerly belonged.

I was admitted here with great formality—was depoſited in a fine latticed caſe,

among many of my brethren; and for ſome time was occaſionally conſulted: but novelty wearing off, and my commentator's hand, by the lapſe of years, and the different form of writing, becoming too cramp to be eaſily made out—for the laſt hundred years I have ſeldom been opened. The duſt indeed, is annually bruſhed off: at the viſitation of the library, I am ſometimes reported as full of old-faſhioned comments: but few have the curioſity to examine them.

From this aſylum I have neither wiſh or hope of being liberated: I truſt I have already done my duty, and have made ſome perſons better and wiſer in affairs of everlaſting importance—and if my hiſtory ſhould fail to amuſe or inſtruct, I ſhall feel neither mortification or anger.

The prejudices of men it was never my intention to gratify, nor to flatter their paſſions; but happy are they, who entering into my benevolent views, lay hold on my eternal rewards.

Amurath, an Eastern Tale.

IN the pride of wealth, in the dignity of titles, in the blaze of princely ſplen-

dor, Amurath, the mighty above all the nations of the Eaſt, aſcended the throne of his father. The Magi proſtrated in his preſence, and the people fell down before him. Let, ſaid he, the acclamations of adoring multitudes ſalute me; let the concave of Heaven ring. Death has ſet his cold ſeal upon my father, and he ſleeps: O King live for ever. The nations tremble at thy name, mighty conqueror, live for ever. The princes of the earth are ſubject to thy ſway, great Amurath, live for ever.

This great Monarch was educated like Kings of modern times, at a dangerous diſtance from himſelf, from the counſels of Truth, and the attributes of true wiſdom. He had turned the hallowed page of Zoroaſter, he had called upon the dead for wiſdom, the midnight moon had witneſſed to his watchings when the pale lamp of meditation glimmered over the volumes of the Sages. His mind was penetrating as the ſun beam, and bright as the morning ſtar, but the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

He called for the juice of the grape, the ſound of the minſtrel, and the dalliance of beauty; and his palace reſounded with joy. The daughters of Circaſſia,

beauteous as the bloſſoms of the ſpring, enchanted the Monarch with their graces, and the thrilling captivations of ſong, while the ſparkling bowl awakened an intemperate feſtivity; but the ſun-ſhine was confined to his cheek, for the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

He trod the path of glory; he was hailed by the voice of the people; he conquered the conquerors of the Eaſt; his brows were over-ſhadowed with laurels; his ſtatue ſtood exalted in the Temple of Fame, and his judgments were recorded with honour. But ſtill the prince was dejected in ſolitude: he queſtioned the ſatisfaction of empty praiſes; the diſtant clamour of applauding millions, he would ſay, affect not my heart in its ſecret receſſes; tho' in public I am worſhipped as a prince, in retirement I feel myſelf a man. When reflection overtakes me in private, I ſtart from myſelf as from a ſtranger, and by night the dews of ſleep fall not proportionably on my eyelids, for the heart of Amurath is unhappy.

Ye guides of my youth, ye venerable men, I ſuſpect your councils and your ſchools. Ye made my ſoul a thirſt for wiſdom, and ye gratified its youthful ardour; but much I fear ye flattered the

proud ſpirit of a preſuming prince, and taught me not how to ſupport as I ought the miſerable weakneſs of humanity. But the ſplendour of a court, and the prevalence of your wiſdom, ſhall ſubdue my heart no more, I will aſſume the ſimple weeds of a Derviſe, and incorporate with the children of Nature: the incumbrances of royalty ſhall be laid aſide, and I will commence my pilgrimage with to-morrow's ſun. I have no demands to make upon the public treaſure. A ſtaff will ſupport my feet, and a maple diſh will hold my proviſion; the wild berries will furniſh a frugal repaſt; I can ſatisfy my thirſt in the brook, and ſleep in ſome humble cavern. Let my Miniſter rule with righteouſneſs in my abſence, and when I can acquire the government of myſelf, I will return and reign over my people.

When Amurath began his journey ſweet were the ſmiles of Aurora, how ſweet the melody of morn! the meadows were bright with verdure, enlivened with the drapery of flowers.

The zephyrs fluttered, and the groves perfumed the air with their ſpices. Gently waved the bending pine; ſmoothly lapſed the ſilver waters. The ſhepherd's

pipe reſounded through the hills, and the vallies were white with fleeces. All was new to Amurath. The confinement of a court had ſecluded him from the charms of nature, and he now felt unuſual tranſport in contemplating her expanded volume. He rejoiced at enjoying a freedom from royalty, and preſſed forward with alacrity and eaſe. As the heat of the noon-tide ſun directed him to the ſhelter of the ſhade, he ſat down at the foot of a tree and feaſted on his humble meal. His mind was buſy in reflecting upon the vanity of human greatneſs, when a neighbouring cave attracted his notice, ſituated on the border of a ſmall ſtream, that muſically bubbled before it; he advanced with heſitating ſtep, and had reached the entrance of the hermitage, when he diſtinguiſhed an old man by the venerable whiteneſs of his beard, ſitting in a meditative poſture. He ſtarted back with ſurpriſe and was about to apologiſe for his intruſion, when a voice accoſted him as follows:—Whatever chance, my ſon, has brought thee to this ſolitary habitation, if thou art a child of virtue, and a ſervant of the Moſt-High, an old man welcomes thee with his bleſſing. I have been baniſhed the cabinet of my lord the King,

for reverencing the attributes of Truth, yet dare to obey her dictates in the deſart; and I wiſh thee to believe the ſincerity of my ſoul, for falſehood can avail us nothing. Be free to partake of theſe fruits; be free to repoſe on my couch; and when the labour of thy journey is requited, we will converſe with ſincerity and freedom. The noble traveller accepted the courteſy of his offer, and liſtened to the hermit with joy.

"To him who ſitteth above the waterfloods, and weighs creation in the balance, be glory for ever and ever, Amen. I have been diſtinguiſhed in the world as a luminary of ſcience, I have wept for the vanity of wiſdom; I have dictated to the rulers of the land, and have been flattered with the friendſhip of my ſovereign. The ſunſhine of proſperity, O my ſon, awakened an inſect into life, and the reptile preſumed upon his power. When I ſtood up in the aſſembly of wiſdom, the aged counſeller laid his withered finger on his lips, and the young men were ſilent with expectation. I ſpake, and it was recorded; I commanded, and it was done. I was ſtimulated by the breath of dying creatures, like myſelf, to accompliſh the greateſt atchievements;

and acknowledged no ſtandard for rectitude or honour, but the clamour of popular applauſe. If I had planned with Policy, my ſon, or pleaded with Rhetoric; taught with Truth, or judged with Equity; ſerved my God, or ſaved my country; I did all for the voice of the people. The voice of the people was my grandeur and my glory, my riches and my ſtrength; it ſupported me a pillar of the ſtate, and exalted my vanity to the ſtars.

Though in ſolitude, I have often petitioned the Eternal for an aſylum from myſelf; yet, in public, the voice of the people made me happy. Ah, my ſon, great is the weakneſs of the wiſeſt; and many are the leſſons of humility that time may have yet to teach thee! Liſten then to the voice of an experienced monitor: let my words ſink deep into thy heart, and let thine ear be open for inſtruction. I had arrived to the ſummit of my fortune and my folly, when a viſion of the night reclaimed me.

I beheld in my dream, and my heart melted with aſtoniſhment and terror, I beheld the diſſolution of the world and the judgment of the great day; I ſaw the heavens and the earth convulſed, and the

pillars of creation tremble; the moon was turned into blood, and the ſun grew dark as ſackcloth, at the preſence of the Lord of Nature. I heard the blaſt of the trump of the Archangel ſounding through the regions of death; and I beheld myriads of everlaſting ſouls ſtand trembling before the throne. I looked for my enſigns of dignity, and found myſelf naked and aſhamed. I liſtened for the ſhouts of the throng, but all was ſilent as the grave. The lightnings flew faſt about my head, and the Eternal thunders diſmayed me. I ſaw a mountain piled up to the clouds with the volumes of wiſdom, and would have reſted my feet upon it, but it periſhed in an inſtant in the flames. Then I called upon the ſpirits of the juſt for help, and no man liſtened to my complainings. I laid my hand upon the once mighty princes of the earth, and their ſceptres vaniſhed into air. Where, I cried, are the multitudes who once ſupported me; let them now ſave me, or I periſh. I called with a deſpairing voice, but the multitude could ſave no more. Then it was the darkneſs of everlaſting horror ſeized me. I would have wept ſore, but had no tears. I would have died, but the dominion of death was over.

I would have joyfully compounded for ages of pain, but my ſentence was irrevocable and eternal. Gracious Alla! can the agony of that night ever be forgotten! In my fancy I would have pleaded with the Moſt-High, but his reproof ſilenced me for ever. When I called thee from darkneſs and from duſt, ſaid a trembling voice, piercing as the ſound of a trumpet, when I endowed thee with capacities for ſociety, exalted thee above created natures, and bleſſed thee above the light of reaſon. I taught thee, by an agent in thy own breaſt, the difference between good and evil, and informed thy ſenſes, that my providence is ever preſent with all the wonders of my creation. I inſtructed thee to live for the benefit of others, to ſerve ſociety with thy heart and hand, but to worſhip no maſter but him who gave thee being, to make my will the rule of thy life, and my preſence the predominating witneſs of thy actions. But thou didſt call upon me as thy caprice directed, and haſt not walked uniformly before me. If I anſwered thy petition in diſtreſs, why in proſperity didſt thou remember my mercies no more: Thou haſt conſidered me a Being of like fluctuating paſſions with thyſelf, though my attributes are as

ſtedfaſt and immoveable as the everlaſting foundation of my throne. Thou haſt ſought to hide thee from my face in time; and therefore throughout the endleſs ages of eternity thou ſhalt witneſs to its ſmiles no more. Trembling I awoke and ſtarted from my ſofa, I laid my forehead in the duſt, and wrapt in ſilent adoration from the riſing to the ſetting ſun. As the light of celeſtial truth dawned upon my heart the ſhadows of ignorance retired.

The world was diveſted of its flattery at once, and I penetrated with the eye of an eagle into the ſuperior duties of man. I ſought the ſociety of myſelf, and renounced a paltry felicity that depended on the opinion of others. I would have inſtructed the ſon of my ſovereign, the mighty Amurath, to have departed from the errors of his education, but was forbidden by my lord the King. He was diſguſted with a humiliating doctrine that degraded the dignity of title and baniſhed me to this diſtance from the capital of my country. Here my ſon, I have learned great truths that neither courts nor ſchools have ever taught me. That the approbation of conſcience is to be preferred to the opinion of the multitude; that our virtues muſt proceed from a ſettled principle of action, from a reverence for

the witneſs in our breaſts and the eye that is over all. I have long attended ſtrictly to this important leſſon, and if my ſovereign ſhould once again ſummon my grey head to counſel, I would endeavour to convince him, that the man who ſtudies his duty to his God, and to himſelf, is beſt qualified to ſerve his country and his king."

Behold then! cried Amurath, in an extaſy of pleaſure, great counſellor! behold your king diſguiſed in the humble habit of a pilgrim, ſee Amurath the ruler of the nations. I have deſerted my people in ſearch of truth, and will now return to convince them I have found it. I ſhall henceforth never want a ſupreme incentive to good, and an awful reſtraint from evil. I will be juſt from the ſuperior principles of intrinſic virtue, and be happy in conſulting the approbation of that inviſible witneſs, whoſe bleſſing can afford a never failing ſupport, when the ſound of adulation ſhall ceaſe, and the people can applaud no more.

The monarch took the hermit affectionately by the hand, led him back in triumph to his court, and re-aſſumed his throne with content, for the heart of Amurath was happy.

From Madam Piozzi's Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. JOHNSON did not like that his friends ſhould bring their manuſcripts for him to read, and he liked ſtill leſs to read them when they were brought: ſometimes however when he could not refuſe he would take the play or poem, or whatever it was, and give the people his opinion from ſome one page that he had peeped into. A gentleman carried him his tragedy, which, becauſe he loved the author, Johnſon took, and it lay about our rooms ſome time. What anſwer did you give your friend, Sir? ſaid I, after the book had been called for. "I told him (replied he,) that there was too much *Tig* and *Tirry* in it." Seeing me laugh moſt violently, "Why what would'ſt have, Child? (ſaid he.) I looked at nothing but the *dramatis*, and there was *Tig*rance and *Tiri*dates, or Terribazus, or ſuch ſtuff. A man can tell but what he knows, and I never got any farther than the firſt page. Alas, Madam! (continued he) how few books are there at which one can ever

Discipline. From "Cowper's Poems."

(With an Elegant Engraving,)

IN colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a ſage call'd Diſcipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely ſilver'd o'er,
Beſpoke him paſt the bounds of freakiſh youth,
But ſtrong for ſervice ſtill, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a ſmile
Play'd on his lips; and in his ſpeech was heard
Paternal ſweetneſs, dignity, and love.
The occupation deareſt to his heart
Was to encourage goodneſs. He would ſtroke
The head of modeſt and ingenuous worth,
That bluſh'd at its own praiſe; and preſs the youth
Cloſe to his ſide that pleas'd him. Learning grew,
Beneath his care, a thriving vig'rous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the paſſions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as ſometimes chance it muſt,
That one among ſo many overleap'd

The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew ſtern, and darted a ſevere rebuke:
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with ſuch fits of awe
As left him not, till penitence had won
Loſt favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Diſcipline, a faithful ſervant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:
A palſy ſtruck his arm, his ſparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice, unſtrung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd deriſion more
Than rev'rence in perverſe rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and diſcipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell ſick and died.
Then ſtudy languiſh'd, emulation ſlept,
And virtue fled. The ſchools became a ſcene
Of ſolemn farce, where Ignorance in ſtilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the ſcholar's part,
Proceeding ſoon a graduated dunce.
Then compromiſe had place, and ſcrutiny
Became ſtone-blind; precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whoſe purſe was ſo.

Lubin and his Dog Tray.

YOUNG Lubin was a ſhepherd's boy,
Who watch'd a rigid maſter's ſheep,
And many a night was heard to ſigh,
And many a day was ſeen to weep.

For not a lambkin e'er was loſt,
Or wether ſtray'd to field remote,
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a truſtier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow;
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
Beſide the brook in vale below.

From him ſtern Winter's drifting ſnow,
Its pelting ſleet, or froſt ſevere,
Or ſcorching Summer's ſultry ray,
Ne'er forced a murmur nor a tear.

For, ah! the varying ſeaſons had
To every hardſhip form'd his frame,
Tho' ſtill his tender, feeling heart,
By nature nurs'd, remain'd the ſame.

But whither ſhall the orphan fly,
To meet protection's foſtering power?
Oppreſſion waits the future day,
When Miſery marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
No friend, no relative had he!
His happieſt hour was daſh'd with woe;
His mildeſt treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundleſs heath,
One winters's day his flocks had ſpread,
By hunger urg'd to ſeek the blade
That lurks beneath its ſnowy bed.

And hous'd, at eve, his fleecy charge,
He, ſorrowing, miſs'd a fav'rite lamb,
That shunn'd the long-perſiſting ſearch,
Nor anſwer'd to its bleating dam.

With heavy heart he bent his way,
And told ſo true, ſo ſad a tale,
That almoſt pierc'd the marble breaſt
Of ruthleſs Rufus of the Vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had ſtray'd,
Own'd he had ſuffer'd them to go;
Yes; he had learn'd to pity them,
For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants,
The unnipp'd neighb'ring bound deny'd,
They ſure had dropp'd—as ſurely too
The pitying ſhepherd boy had died.

"Then die!" th' unfeeling maſter ſaid,
And ſpurn'd him from his cloſing door,
Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
He vow'd ſhould ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waſte
The whiſtling winds did fiercely blow,

We will not venture to ſay that hunting is actually criminal, or a breach of moral duty; but we cannot help regarding it as a ſpecies of unneceſſary cruelty; and it certainly ſhows no very amiable diſpoſition to receive pleaſure from the miſery of any thing that has life. Animals were unqueſtionably intended by Providence for our comfort, convenience, or food; but their ſervices ſhould be exacted with moderation, and if wanted for our ſubſiſtence or ſecurity, their lives ſhould be taken in the moſt merciful manner. Hunting is a kind of torture, from whatever motive it may be purſued. If health is the object, this bleſſing may be equally promoted by exerciſe, in which the benevolent affections would have ſcope; if paſtime alone is regarded, there muſt be a ſtrange want of taſte to miſs it in a thouſand ways, in which pain is not inflicted nor danger incurred.

The HARE tells an artleſs and a natural tale; and the circumſtances which are here thrown together are ſuch as may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to ariſe from the ſituation of one of the moſt timid and defenceleſs of quadrupeds. The reflections interſperſed, breathe a pure and ardent humanity, and will not be read by thoſe unpractiſed in the witcheries of the chaſe, without exciting ſome tender emotions.

The hare at laſt falls into merciful hands, and thus expreſſes her feelings and her gratitude:

"In the park of my benefactor, protected from all aſſaults, I enjoy all the advantages of liberty without its attendant dangers.

"Undiſturbed, I take up my reſidence as in-

clination or the ſeaſon invites. Mine is the ſunny bank of firs, mine the dark ſhrubbery, impervious to the noon-tide ray.

Here neither the hourly fear of death nor of bondage is before my eyes: here autumn has no terrors, and winter itſelf is diſarmed of its rigours. No dog nor man preſumes to moleſt my quiet, and I dwell in the midſt of many others of my own ſpecies, who abide beneath the ſhade of the ſame friendly retirement.

"From my aſylum I ſend forth theſe leſſons into the world, that inexperienced youth may not confide too obſtinately in their own ſtrength, nor haſtily adopt opinions, which they may be ſoon compelled to retract to their coſt. It has alſo been my deſire to warn them of the folly and madneſs of a cruel practice, of which they perhaps never entertained a ſerious idea; and to inform them that there is not wanting one among our race, who, like the frog in the fable, addreſſing its wanton deſtroyers, can exclaim, "Although it is ſport to you, it is death to us." But that the picture of ſuffering which I have drawn may not be imagined too gloomy, let it be remembered, that, in the midſt of calamities which I thought too ſevere to be borne, and when I conceived myſelf the moſt oppreſſed of creatures, I found others ſtill more wretched than myſelf: nor let it ever be forgotten, whatever I, or the moſt rigid cenſor may have ſaid, that heaven-born pity ſtill abides upon earth; that there ſtill exiſts ſuch a quality as mercy among mankind."

A stag sprang from the pasture at his call
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreathe of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a flowret small.

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

Cursory Thoughts on the Creation.

" THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good.
" Almighty, thine this univerſal frame,
" Thus wond'rous fair; thyſelf how wond'rous then!
" Unſpeakable!——————"

THERE is nothing, I think, more peculiarly calculated to inſpire the human mind with reverence and veneration for the Creator, than a contemplation of his works. It elevates it above mundane attractions, and enables it to ſoar through the " vaſt immenſity" of ſpace: it frees it from an attachment to the groſs purſuits in which it is commonly engaged, and empowers man, puffed up with oſtentation and vanity, in ſome meaſure to know himſelf; for by the leaſt compari-

ſon of the glorious Creation, and the objects of wonder and admiration it contains, with himſelf, he will ſoon ſee his inferiority in the grand ſcale of the Univerſe. The various incentives to folly and pride will then be huſhed, he will then be enabled to take a circumſpective view of things which are every where preſent, and

"Look through nature up to nature's God!"

Who can caſt his eye over the beauties which every where riſe before his view, without feeling impreſſed with aſtoniſhment and awe. Even the Heavens *alone* exhibit a ſpectacle highly grand and intereſting! Stop awhile—ſeize ſome ſerious moment, when the mind is in tune for reflection, and every adventitious thought abſtracted. Look upwards, and behold the glorious luminary of the Heavens, in his utmoſt ſplendour, "too great for human eye to bear," diſperſing life and vigour to the vegetable and animal creation. How all nature exults in his preſence: without him ſhe would, indeed, be but a dull lifeleſs maſs, without organization, "without form and void." But the glories of the *day*, are not the on-

ly ones which may cauſe wonder in the human breaſt; when the ſhades of night veil the hemiſphere, mark the "glorious ſilver lamp, floating in Æther," riſing in majeſtic ſplendour, with her refulgent rays diffuſing "a languid ſweetneſs" o'er the ſcene, and inſtilling pleaſing ſenſations in the ſoul. The glittering ſtars alſo, claim our notice, and ought to arreſt our feelings, and enchain them in admiration:

"One ſun by day, by *night* ten thouſand ſhine!" YOUNG.

Behold theſe glorious Orbs,* fix "other wandering fires," ſhining even in ſuperior ſplendour to theſe, which ſerve, perhaps, for the habitations of mortals like us, who are enlightened by the ſame ſun, and are cheered through the "gloomy hours of night," by luminaries revolving round them.——Reverſe the ſcene: Can you view without emotion, the awful grandeur of an approaching ſtorm? The roar of the elements in "confuſion dire," combined with the vivid corruſcations of ætherial light, breaking inſtantaneouſly through the impenetrable darkneſs, rendered more terrific by contraſt with the tremendous thunder, "heaven's great

* The Planets.

artillery," rolling with awful ſound from Pole to Pole, all conſpire to awaken feeling of "ſolemn reverential fear" in the human breaſt.——How ſublime, how vaſt is this ſcene!——what noble ideas does the meditation of theſe wonders excite in a mind, not loſt to every "emotion of ſenſibility" and gratitude to the Creator of this grand ſyſtem.—And can you contemplate all theſe beauties without feeling admiration of the conſtructor of this great fabric, the Glorious Creator of the univerſe, "to us inviſible, or" but "dimly ſeen, in theſe" his "loweſt works?" Is it not natural, when you ſee any thing curious, which may, by any qualities it poſſeſſes, and which you may admire, draw your attention; is it not natural, I ſay, for you in this caſe, to wiſh to know "from whence it ſprung" and to whom it owes its origin? and are there not *works* in nature highly grand and aſtoniſhing?—Why then, is not the ſame curioſity excited in this caſe as well as in any other? Does not nature, throughout her works, univerſally proclaim, "The hand that made us, is *divine*?" Can man, proud man, with all his knowledge, all his art and ingenuity, "cauſe one blade of graſs

to grow" where none exiſted before, without the mediation of an over-ruling Providence? How little would he, with all his boaſted poſſeſſions, and accompanied with his numerous pretended perfections, how little would even the *world* which he inhabits, or the *ſyſtem* of which it makes a part, were it entirely annihilated, and "ſwept from the face of the creation," how very little indeed, would its loſs be felt, or even *perceived* in the whole Univerſe? and is not this view calculated to check his vanity, and make him "ſhrink within himſelf;" and ought not the contemplation of theſe things to inſpire his mind with awe and reverence of *Him*, whoſe "glorious works" theſe are, who form'd "this univerſal frame" and who ſitteth "enthroned on high," in the regions of eternal light?

Yet this is not all: The ſubject admits of a ſtill greater ſcope. It preſents a wide expanded field for our contemplation. The univerſal order and harmony of Nature in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; from the mammoth to the animalcula; from the "towering oak" to the moſt minute and delicate plant, "inviſible to mortal eye," and from the huge rock to the little pebble, ſtrongly

call our attention, and create ſtill more aſtoniſhment in the ſoul: And how infinitely great, how ſupremely wiſe, beneficent and good, muſt HE be, who governs, "hath ordained," and preſides over the whole! Theſe natural reflections ought to cauſe us to be humble, and to adore with ſilent awe, Gratitude and veneration, the ſupreme Diſpoſer of events.

Volumes indeed, might be written on the ſublime beauties, which nature every where preſents to the view of an inquiring mind; but the limits allotted to me in this place, will not permit me to enlarge on this ſubject. Even the "loweſt works" of the Creator, "declare" his "goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine."—And is it not a matter of aſtoniſhment, to ſee ſo many neglecting theſe "fruitful ſources" of joy and pleaſure, which would, if cultivated, elevate their minds above the common grade, render them ſuſceptible of many pleaſing emotions, and enlarge their underſtandings in a high degree, to amuſe themſelves with folly, idleneſs, and diſſipation? I think it not only cauſes ſurpriſe, but regret. You, my Readers, I hope will be ſenſible of the vaſt advantages which will always reſult from cultivating the mind, and imbibing

virtuous ſentiments and habits early in youth, "the ſpring time of life and health," for when you "are old" they will not "depart" from you, they will be "inexhauſtible fountains" of happineſs here below, and will finally,

"——tranſplanted to the ſky,
"In heav'ns immortal gardens bloom."

F.

The Amateur: No. IV.

Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene.
As Night to ſtars, woe luſtre gives to man,
And virtue in calamities admire!

YOUNG.

THERE is no diſtreſs, which, at firſt view, ſeems to have ſo ſtrong a claim upon our ſympathy, as the diſtreſs of a man of genius. To ſee him whoſe eloquence might "charm a liſtening ſenate," and whoſe poems might improve the libraries of the learned, oppreſſed by poverty and dejected by mortification, is a ſcene which

the man of common delicacy cannot behold without regret, but which the man of fine feelings revolts at as an example of the higheſt injuſtice. Scenes of this kind, however, have become ſo common, that we are almoſt induced to believe it to be the deſign of Providence that misfortune ſhould be the lot of genius while proſperity is ſent to bleſs the dull and the unfeeling. This apparent perverſion of juſtice has excited a great deal of complaint againſt the wealthy and induſtrious part of the world, whoſe prudence, and, perhaps, whoſe wiſdom, ought not to be impeached for an attention to riches. But we ſhall be ſtill more convinced of the unreaſonableneſs of this complaint after looking into the conſtitution of human nature. An attentive ſurvey of this ſubject will lead us to pity, rather than reproach, the *mere* rich man, and to envy rather than commiſſerate, even thoſe talents that are oppreſſed by poverty.

The benignity as well as juſtice of our Maker is in no reſpect more manifeſt, than in that regular and beautiful ſubordination, ſo viſible throughout his works. The very exiſtence of the civilized world requires this ſubordination. Like ſo many dependencies in mechanics, men act

upon each other and thus produce the motion of ſociety. To remark upon the miſery which would attend us were every one endowed with an equal portion of ability or with a ſimilitude of diſpoſition would be trite and ſuperfluous; it may be neceſſary, however, to beſtow a word or two upon that wiſdom which has adapted our happineſs to our capacity, and framed our diſpoſition to both.

The merchant whoſe chief pleaſure conſiſts in trade; the Farmer, whoſe amuſement is in tilling the fields and reaping the meadows; the mechanic, who derives his enjoyment from ſtriking the anvil or plying the laſt; and the man of letters, whoſe delight is in books; each of theſe has his happineſs reſulting from his occupation. But, it will be ſaid, they do not all receive an equal degree of emolument from their labours; that, independent of the enjoyment which all of them immediately receive from their ſeveral purſuits, ſome of theſe purſuits are more lucrative than others, while ſome are in a pecuniary ſenſe, not rewarded at all.

I feel not diſpoſed to contend againſt the truth of this propoſition, but ſhall rather endeavour to reconcile it to the principles of juſtice and common ſenſe. True

it is, indeed, that there is a diverſity in the emolument ariſing from different purſuits.—The Merchant acquires greater riches than the Farmer, and the man of letters hardly ever realizes the gains of the mechanic. Yet, to balance this inequality of profit, it will be but fair to mention that inequality of happineſs, which is immediately derived from the exerciſe of different callings. The ſame thunder which terrifies the Merchant, and makes him dread the fate of his veſſel, ſwells the heart of the farmer. He feels elated at the promiſe of a ſhower, which will moiſten his fields and refreſh his orchards. And oftentimes, while the former is counting his broken debtors and his bad bargains, the latter is recruiting himſelf with the fragrance of his meadows and the luxury of his fruit-trees.

The occupation of the Farmer, therefore, though leſs productive of riches than that of the Merchant, is, doubtleſs, greatly its ſuperior in point of eaſe and tranquillity. The life of the one is a ſcene of contentment, the life of the other is a ſcene of anxiety. One is awak'd by the whiſtling of the wren, the other is rouſed by the croaking of the chimney ſweep. One inhales the freſh breeze of

the mountain, and is regaled with the wild muſic of the grotto, the other is annoyed with the duſt and ſmoak of the city, and is ſtunned with the bellowing of cartmen and the rattling of carriages.

Hard, indeed, would it be, then, if the employment which, of itſelf, affords the leaſt happineſs did not yield the moſt gain. It would be eaſy to go through the whole circle of trades and profeſſions in this way, and prove, that, in every kind of buſineſs, the ſmallneſs of the emolument is counterbalanced by the fullneſs of the pleaſure which the buſineſs itſelf affords. According to this rule what muſt the man of genius enjoy? His books neat him a pecuniary income much narrower than that which rewards the meaneſt exertions of the moſt ſlaviſh dependent.

I believe it will not be denied, that the intellectual pleaſures rank higher than the ſenſual. It is the man of genius who feels theſe pleaſures in their higheſt perfection. Why then ſhould *his* misfortunes have ſuch a peculiar demand upon our ſenſibility? are there not other misfortunes entirely without conſolation? SAVAGE, even in his moſt forlorn and unprovided ſtate, was not without enjoy-

ment. When ragged and pennyleſs, he fauntered through the ſtreets of *London*, picking up little fragments of writing paper that had been ſwept from the ſhops—even in this beggarly ſituation he muſt have been far from miſerable. A mind, great as that which he poſſeſſed, inſtead of being depreſſed, muſt have been elevated by adverſity. Even when his wants were the moſt ſolicitous, I can conceive of his looking down upon the world and its purſuits with pity and regret. His genius rendered him, in a manner, independent of fortune or of malice. Endowed with a ſublime imagination, he could eaſily tranſport himſelf from himſelf, and fly into the delightful regions of poetry. Amidſt the moſt abject poverty he could ſay, with Bajazet,

———————*though Fortune,*
———————*that changling deity of fools,*
Has ſtript me of the train and pomp of greatness
Yet ſtill my ſoul *is free.*

This is not the caſe with the *mere* man, of buſineſs. When ſtript of his property he has no conſolation. His mind is too narrow as well as too barren to afford him

a grateful retreat from his ſorrows. Habituated to a life of activity and buſtle, he knows not how to behave himſelf in retirement; and having paid but little attention to his mind, he knows not the many "ſweet uſes" to which adverſity may be applied. His melancholy will be ſtupid not gentle; nor will his manners be of that conſolating kind, which marks the man of feeling and intelligence, when under the influence of diſtreſs.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

The Moralist.

"How ſhall the young ſecure their hearts,
"And guard their lives from ſin?
"Thy word the choiceſt rules imparts,
"To keep the conſcience clean."

IN the preſent age, when vice and infidelity overrun all the nations of the world, when "Ruin ſtalks abroad," when wickedneſs triumphs over virtue and innocence, it certainly becomes thoſe who

watch over the welfare of the young and riſing generation, to warn them of the dangers which every where encompaſs them, and, as "watchmen on the tower of Zion" to "found the alarm," and to caution them to beware. How much reaſon is there for any of theſe to exclaim, "How ſhall the young ſecure their hearts" from the many alluring temptations which are ſo often preſented to their view? how ſhall they "guard their lives from ſin," infidelity, and ingratitude to HIM who preſerves them daily in the enjoyment of every bleſſing this life can afford, when numberleſs deluſions are abroad to lead their heedleſs, willing victims to deſtruction, and alienate their minds from that *Great Being* who preſides over and directs their actions by his Allwiſe Providence, who protects them from ill, and whoſe "word the choiceſt rules imparts," by the obſervance of which they may glide through this world, this "vale of tears," in tranquillity and happineſs, and when the final hour draws nigh, in which the ſoul is releaſed from its "tabernacle of clay," its earthly priſon, they may experience an anticipation of that bliſs which is ſhortly to be their portion, when they ſhall ſoar above all ſublunary enjoyments, and wing their

flight to the regions of light and immortality.

If half the zeal was exerted in the cauſe of Virtue, as there is profeſſedly under the banners of vice, then the expreſſion of Him "who taught as never man taught," would not have been drawn forth, "The children of this world, are, in their generation, wiſer than the children of light." Why is that activity not exerted in the cauſe of morality, which is ſo evident in the common tranſactions of life: in the purſuits of buſineſs, ambition, or pleaſure? why does man, the lord of the creation, poſſeſſing that ineſtimable gift of the creator, Reaſon, "placed but a little lower than the Angels, and crowned with glory and honour," made highly capable in his nature, of enjoying the contemplation of the "inviſible things" which are preſented in ſecret to his mental view, of holding "ſweet converſe" with his maker, turn aſide from theſe to the "viſible things" of this world? He delights to ſatisfy his paſſions, his inordinate deſires, and the more he debaſes his mind, by ſuffering himſelf to be drawn aſide from the path of virtue by theſe contemptible follies and purſuits, the leſs capable is he rendered of enjoying the calm,

tranquil delights which are always afforded by religion, and of keeping his "conſcience clean," and void of offence both to God and man. From you, my youthful readers, much is to be expected: You are juſtly conſidered as the "Glory of the preſent, and hope of the ſucceeding age:" on you, your parents look with fond ſolicitude, in hopes that you will cultivate that bleſſed and pure religion, the conſolatory hopes of which, they have ſo often experienced, and its tranſports ſo often felt with extatic delight, far exceeding the moſt joyful pleaſures of this tranſitory world: On you, therefore, depends its future ſupport; and O may you be ſenſible of the vaſt advantages the cultivation of it will yield you, in every ſituation of life in which you may be placed: In proſperity, it will give a zeſt to every pleaſure; and in adverſity, infuſe in your breaſts a calm reſignation to the will of Divine Providence. O then "Remember now, your creator in the days of your youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when you ſhall ſay, I have no pleaſure in them." Cultivate, I entreat you, the ſocial affections; cheriſh, with your utmoſt endeavours, every virtue which can adorn human na-

ture, and render you happy here below. Now, in youth, when every ſpring of action is unfolding and expanding itſelf, when every latent paſſion is called into exiſtence, and exerciſing its energy to form a trait in your character, now only, you have power to repreſs thoſe which you may feel to be injurious to your moral or ſocial happineſs; now, before they have gained ſufficient ſtrength, and become too powerful to overcome. Shun, therefore, every avenue to temptation; avoid every opportunity which may increaſe their power ere they have gained ſuch an aſcendancy over you, as to mar the increaſe of virtue in your hearts. Retire often in ſecret "to meditate," as Iſaac did "at the eventide;" He, on the eve of the moſt important event which can happen in life, no leſs than that of chooſing a partner, one who could "ſhare in his joys and ſorrows," who could ſympathiſe with, and conſole him in diſtreſs, who could "weep when he wept, and rejoice when he rejoiced," he, I ſay, in ſuch a momentous deciſion as this, in this hour of trouble and anxiety, "big with fate," and on which depended his future happineſs or miſery in this life, retired as it were, from the buſtle of this world, its cares

and tumults, to reflect on his ſituation, and to ſeek aid from on high, in his arduous deciſion—his difficult undertaking. Imitate him then, I pray you: oftentimes view your paſt conduct and look up to *Him* with confidence, who can ſupport you in every trial, and lead you through every difficulty. Peruſe the ſacred volume as a true criterion of your moral conduct, as the teſt of truth: ſo ſhall you ſhine as bright examples to thoſe around you; ſo ſhall the lamp of Religion burn with benignant, and unceaſing luſtre in your breaſts; ſo ſhall the emanations of Celeſtial Goodneſs illuminate your hearts, and infuſe in them "joys inexpreſſible;" that peace which "paſſeth all underſtanding," which the world can neither give unto you, nor deprive you of. Thus ſhall happineſs and joy accompany your ſteps here below, and thus ſhall you be enabled at the cloſe of life, at the end of your "Pilgrimage here on earth," triumphantly to exclaim, "The day of my death is certainly *better* than the day my birth;" and you will finally inhabit the manſions of eternal bliſs and felicity.

T. V.

Indiscriminate Applause.

IT is the fault of many that they do not always carefully diſtinguiſh between running into the error of detraction, and its oppoſite extreme of undeſerved praiſe—This proceeds from the falſe idea they entertain, that the direct contrary to what is wrong, muſt be right. Thus the dread of only being ſuſpected of one fault, makes them actually guilty of another.

The deſire of avoiding the imputation of envy, impels them to be inſincere; and to eſtabliſh a reputation for ſweetneſs of temper and generoſity, they affect to ſpeak ſometimes of very indifferent characters with the moſt extravagant applauſe. But this habit of exaggeration greatly weakens their credit, and deſtroys the weight of their opinion on other occaſions; for people very ſoon diſcover what degree of faith is to be given both to their judgment and their veracity.

Life of Lavater, the celebrated Physiognomist.

LAVATER, who lately died at Zurich, has been for many years, one of the moſt famous men in Europe.

He was a humble country clergyman, of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteneſs of diſcernment.

In this ſituation, and with theſe qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expreſſion of human ſentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame, in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all theſe, not only tranſient paſſion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very diſtinctly expreſſed. He carried his obſervations, in this way, much farther than any other perſon had before advanced. Succeſs inflamed his imagination; and he became an enthuſiaſt in the ſtudy of phyſiognomy.

The opinions relative to it, which he propogated, were a medly of acute obſervations, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie. They were divulged by him in converſation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his diſciples ſoon aſſembled into volumes: Novelty, myſtery, and the dreams of enthuſiaſm, have inexpreſſible charms for the multitude. Every man was eager to learn to read his neighbours heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Britain, all the world became paſſionate admirers of the phyſiognomical ſcience of Lavater. His books, publiſhed in the German language, were multiplied by many editions. A ſervant would, at one time, ſcarcely be hired till the deſcriptions and engravings of Lavater had been conſulted, in careful compariſon, with the lines and features of the young man's or woman's countenance. The ſame ſyſtem was eagerly tranſlated into the French language;—and, as the inſight into character and ſecret intention which it promiſed, was infinitely grateful to female curioſity, all the pretenders to wit, taſte, and faſhion, ſoon became diſtractedly fond of it. 'Twas talked of as a Science ſuſceptible of mathematical certain-

ty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the power of omniſcient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows.

Two well executed tranſlations naturalized the ſame books of Lavater in the Engliſh language; this naturalization was requiſite to ſhow the fallacy of his pretenſions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to know ſcientific principles, even the occaſional effuſions of ſublimity and pathos which thoſe books diſplayed, might intereſt the curious remarker on human genius and character; but ſerv'd, at the ſame time, to evince to the ſound ſenſe and ſhrewd diſcernment of ſenſible men, that phyſiognomy was but an idle ſtudy, the amuſement —it might be—of the wiſe; the deluſion of fools. The multitude run ever in extremes, and notwithſtanding the labours of Dr. H. Hunter, and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been ſince treated, in England, with a ſlighting diſregard, that does injuſtice to their genuine merits.

The phyſiognomical delirium of the weak excited alſo in Germany the deriſion of the witty and the wiſe. The phyſiognomical travels, or phyſiognomical

quixote of the celebrated Muſæus, the preceptor of Kotzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and purſuits of Lavater, and his phyſiognomical diſciples; and though to an Engliſhman its humour may not appear very happy, nor it's wit admirably lively and pointed, yet it's effect was in Germany powerful to the confuſion of Lavateriſm, and it raiſed it's author at once to a ſplendid literary reputation.

But even after the firſt charm had been diſſolved, Lavater ſtill retained many diſciples. He continued to cultivate phyſiognomy, and was ſtill eagerly viſited by travellers paſſing near the place of his reſidence. By ſome of his adverſaries he was idly and unjuſtly accuſed as an inſiduous jeſuit, who, under pretenſions about phyſiognomy, purſued ſome vaſt and miſchievous deſigns. His theological opinions took a colour from his phyſiognomical ones, and he became the abhorrence of the orthrodox. His private life was ſimple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become as well as himſelf, a great phyſiognomiſt. He was always an early riſer, and uſed never to take his breakfaſt till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of ſome literary taſk.

Anecdote of Professor Junker of the University of Halle.

MANY, who were perſonally acquainted with this celebrated character, have frequently heard him relate the following anecdote.

Being profeſſor of anatomy, he once procured, for diſſection, the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the diſſecting-room not being immediately at hand when they were carried home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in a cloſet which opened into his own apartment. The evening came, and Junker, according to his cuſtom, proceeded to reſume his literary labours before he retired to reſt. It was now near midnight, and all his family were faſt aſleep, when he heard a rumbling noiſe in his cloſet. Thinking that, by ſome miſtake, the cat had been ſhut up with the dead bodies, he roſe, and, taking the candle, went to ſee what had happened. But what muſt have been his aſtoniſhment, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the ſack which contained the

two bodies was rent through the middle! He approached, and found that one of them was gone.

The doors and windows were well secured, and he thought it impossible the body could have been stolen. He tremblingly looked round the closet, and observed the dead man seated in a corner.

Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him: he moved both to the right and left but the dead man still kept his eyes upon him.

The professor then retired, step by step with his eye still fixed upon the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand until he reached the door. The dead man instantly started up and followed him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion—the lateness of the hour—the deep silence which prevailed—every thing concurred to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the only candle which he had burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his bed-chamber, and threw himself on the bed; thither, however, he was pursued: and he soon felt the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly sobbing.

L. of C.

Repeated cries of "leave me! leave me!" releaſed Junker from the graſp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, "Ah! good executioner! good executioner! have mercy upon me!"

Junker ſoon perceived the cauſe of what had happened, and reſumed his fortitude. He informed the reanimated ſufferer who he really was, and made a motion in order to call up ſome of the family. "You wiſh then to deſtroy me!" exclaimed the criminal. "If you call any one, my adventure will become public, and I ſhall be taken up and executed a ſecond time. In the name of humanity, I implore you to ſave my life."

The phyſician ſtruck a light, decorated his gueſt with an old night gown, and, having made him drink off a cordial, requeſted to know what had brought him to the gibbet. "It would have been a truly ſingular exhibition," obſerved Junker, "to have ſeen me, at that late hour, engaged in a *téte-à-téte* with a *dead* man, decked out in a night-gown."

The poor wretch informed him that he had enliſted as a ſoldier; but that, having no great attachment to the profeſſion, he had determined to deſert; that he had unfortunately entruſted his ſecret to a kind

of crimp, a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman in whoſe houſe he was to remain concealed; that this woman had diſcovered his retreat to the officers of Police, &c.

Junker was extremely perplexed how to ſave the poor man. It was impoſſible to retain him in his own houſe, and keep the affair a ſecret, and to turn him out of doors was to expoſe him to certain deſtruction. He reſolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might get into a foreign juriſdiction; but it was neceſſary to paſs the gates, which were ſtrictly guarded. To accompliſh this point, he dreſſed the man in ſome of his old clothes, and covered him with a cloak, and, at an early hour, ſet out for the country with his *protegé* behind him. On arriving at the city gate, where he was well known, he ſaid in a hurried tone, that he had been ſent for to viſit a ſick perſon who was dying in the ſuburbs. He was permitted to paſs. Having both got into the open fields, the deſerter threw himſelf at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and, after receiving ſome pecuniary aſſiſtance, departed, offering up prayers for his happineſs.

Twelve years after, Junker having occaſion to go to Amſterdam, was accoſted on the Exchange by a man well dreſſed and of the beſt appearance, who, he had been informed, was one of the moſt reſpectable merchants in that city. The merchant, in a polite tone, inquired whether he was not profeſſor Junker, of Halle; and on being anſwered in the affirmative, he requeſted, in an earneſt manner, his company to dinner. The profeſſor conſented. Having reached the merchants houſe, he was ſhown into an elegant apartment, where he found a beautiful wife, and two healthy children; but he could ſcarce ſuppreſs his aſtoniſhment at meeting ſo cordial a reception from a family with whom, he thought, he was entirely unacquainted.

After dinner, the merchant, taking him into his counting-room, ſaid, "You do not recollect me?"—"Not at all."—"But I well recollect you, and never ſhall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor, I am the man who came to life in your cloſet, and to whom you paid ſo much attention. On parting from you, I took the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand, was tolerably expert at accounts;

my figure was ſomewhat intereſting, and I ſoon obtained employment as a merchant's clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the intereſts of my patron, procured me his confidence and his daughter's love. On his retiring from buſineſs, I ſucceeded him, and became his ſon-in-law. But for you, however, I ſhould not have lived to experience all theſe enjoyments.—Henceforth look upon my houſe, my fortune, and myſelf, as at your diſpoſal."

Thoſe who poſſeſs the ſmalleſt portion of ſenſibility can eaſily repreſent to themſelves the feelings of Junker.

Natural History.

Order I.—Primates.

Bats.

THIS genus ſeems to fill up the chaſm between quadrupeds and birds, and ſome naturaliſts are unable to determine in

which claſs it ſhould be arranged. However, it has every characteriſtic of quadrupeds, and in ſome reſpects even approximates to the human race; on which account Linnæus places it among the *primates*.

Common Bat.

This ſpecies is very common and well known, and flits about in fine ſummer evenings in queſt of noctural inſects, with a rapid but irregular motion. At other times it continues in its retreat, which is uſually the chink of a ruined building or a hollow tree. Thus even in ſummer it dozes away the greateſt part of its time, never venturing abroad by day-light or in rainy weather; and, when the winter approaches, it compoſes itſelf for that torpid ſtate, in which it lies during the cold ſeaſon. For this purpoſe it ſeeks ſome ſubterranean retreat, where it generally hooks itſelf by the claws to ſome ſubſtance, and hangs ſuſpended, regardleſs of damps and every change of the atmoſphere. Sometimes, however, when the Bat has not been careful to remove far enough from the influence of the external air, the caſual gleams of the ſun revive it prema-

turely, and then it is in danger of ſtarving for want of food, or of becoming the prey of owls or other rapacious animals.

This creature is about the ſize of the mouſe; the members commonly called wings, are merely the four interior toes of the fore feet extended to an enormous length, and connected by a thin membrane, which reaches alſo to the hind legs, and from them to the tail. The female brings forth from two to five young at a time, and ſuckles them like quadrupeds.

All the ſpecies of bats found in Europe are harmleſs, inoffenſive creatures, but in tropical climates they are very formidable, particularly when united in flocks. In theſe regions a flight of bat is ſufficient to obſcure the ſetting ſ and in the morning they are ſeen ſtic and fluttering on the tops of tree ſwarm of bees.

Great Bat of Madagasc

Buffon gives the appellatio *ſette* to this formidable ani nearly four feet broad when expanded, and about one f

is a native of Guinea, Madagaſcar, and according to Captain Cook, of moſt of the newly-diſcovered iſlands in the South Sea.

Theſe bats aſſemble in prodigious numbers, darkening the air ſometimes by day as well as by night, and indiſcriminately devouring the fruits of the earth, animal fleſh or whatever they can ſeize. Hardly any thing is ſecure from their depredations; and it is very probable, as Buffon remarks, that the ancients borrowed their ideas of harpies from theſe fierce and voracious creatures; as, like the latter they are deformed, greedy, uncleanly, and cruel. They make a horrible noiſe in the foreſts during the night; but, at the approach of day, generally ſeek for quiet and concealment.

They are believed to be extremely
of human blood, which they extract
perſons when aſleep. It is not un-
ndeed, that all bats have a predi-
or this kind of nouriſhment; but
ving ſpecies ſeem to be the moſt
nd terrible of all the phlebotoſpecies.

Vampyre, or Spectre Bat.

Though this animal is leſs formidable in its appearance, it is much more miſchievous, than the preceding.—It is a native of South America, where it lives in the palm trees; and, according to Ulloa, leaves its retreat towards the cloſe of the day, and covers the towns and cities in countleſs multitudes, like a lofty and extenſive canopy. It is then the common peſt of men and animals, deſtroying every thing that has life, which it finds aſleep, and expoſed to the air.

Perſons attacked by this blood-thirſty creature, have ſometimes paſſed inſenſibly from a ſound ſleep to a ſtate of death. It dextrouſly inſinuates its ſharp-pointed tongue unperceived into a vein, and ſucks the blood till it is ſatiated, at the ſame time fanning and agitating the air with its wings; the effect of this motion, in hot climates, is to lull the ſufferer into a more profound ſleep. It is therefore, highly dangerous in the traveller to ſleep abroad, or, if under ſhelter, to leave any entrance unſecured, by which the vampyre can be admitted. It does not, however confine its attacks to the human race;

M. de Condamire aſſures us, that in certain parts of South America theſe bats have deſtroyed all the cattle that were introduced thither by the miſſionaries for the purpoſe of forming a ſettlement.

Welch Grave-Yards.

AMONGST the cuſtoms that had peculiar attractions for me, was the tender veneration paid, externally at least to the dead; the church-yards, being kept with an attentive decency which we, in vain, look for in many other countries. There is something extremely ſimple and pleaſing in the *idea*, as well as in the practice, of ſtrewing flowers and evergreens over the graves of departed friends and relations. Every Sunday, ſome of the ſurvivors perform the eſtabliſhed duty at the family grave. This conſiſts in clearing it of all weeds, repairing the mould, dreſſing the verdure, mending the little fences of white tiles or ſhells, that ſurround it, and, in ſhort, putting it in order againſt

the Sabbath; when the whole pariſh are to be eye-witneſſes of the pious cares of each other. I have ſeen graves ſo diligently cultivated, as every week to have been planted with the choiceſt flowers of the ſeaſon; others have been ornamented with the more permanent ſhrubs, and the little hillocks, ſacred to infants, have literally, beſtowed on them

"All the incenſe of the breathing ſpring!"

Several good purpoſes are anſwered hereby. I will recount ſome of them to you in the words of a Pembrokeſhire widow, whom I lately ſaw decorating the graves of her huſband and a child, their firſt born, who died in the ſame year. The following is a faithful copy of our converſation.

Your employment muſt be very intereſting to you. "It is our way in theſe parts, Sir. Some think it a trouble: I have no pleaſure now that equals it, yet I am ſure to have wet eyes all the time it is doing."

The relations then, at whoſe graves you are performing this ſadly pleaſing duty, muſt needs have been very near and dear to you.

"They could not be more ſo. This was the beſt huſband, and the moſt honeſt man in Wales; and the roſes and violets, which I have juſt been ſetting at the head and feet of this grave, are not ſweeter or prettier than the poor little girl who lies under them. But they are in a better place, and I ought to be happy and ſo I am.

Here ſhe wept very bitterly.

I ſee yonder, an old man entering the church-yard with a large bundle of young plants which he can ſcarcely carry.

"That man is in his ninety-third year, and has buried all his family: the laſt was a grandſon, to whoſe grave he is now going, and which he will make like a garden before he leaves it. Almoſt all that end of the church-yard are *his dead*, and he is very neat and nice about the graves of all, but the grandſon's the moſt."

Then he was the favourite of the family: as the laſt and youngeſt, perhaps, he was the poor old man's Benjamin.

"On the contrary, he loved him the leaſt, and ſome think, that an unlucky blow given by the old man was the cauſe of the young man's death, but it cannot be proved, ſo he eſcapes: but by his care

about the poor young fellow's grave, our townfolk imagine his conſcience ſmites him: though, for that matter, we all dreſs our dead here, whether we love or hate them; it is quite a ſcandal to let a Saturday paſs, without making every grave as clean as ourſelves for the Sabbath."

It is a very commendable cuſtom, and I wiſh with all my heart, it were adopted in England, where too generally ſpeaking, the repoſitories of the dead are ſhockingly violated. Horſes, cows, ſheep, are often ſuffered to feed upon the grave; nay, the parſon himſelf frequently turns his pad to fatten on his deceaſed pariſhoners. This you will ſay, is being prieſtridden with a vengeance: ſtill worſe, the hogs of half the pariſh are allowed to rootle up the earth and bones.

"Bleſſed be God, the bones of my dear, dear babe and huſband, do not lie in England!"

And as to cleanlineſs in other reſpects, that article ſo properly an object of your care, is very rarely attended to with us. The weeds and nettles are permitted to choak up half the graves in a church-yard, and every other ſpecies of negligence and filth is thrown there, as if, inſtead of being the decent receptacle of the foreſa-

thers of the village or town to which it belongs, it were the common ſewer of the pariſh. Some few indeed are kept a little more orderly, becauſe they are either public walks, and have therefore a degree of faſhion, or the biſhop of the dioceſe is reſidentiary there; but even theſe exceptions are for the moſt part confined to the path-ways, and the green avenues that ſhade them, the reſt of the ſpot being left in a condition both ſhameleſs and indecent. In the northern diſtrict of ——ſhire, two church-yards were indicted as nuiſances by the pariſh, and a third, much nearer to the ſeat of magiſtracy ſupreme, was in ſo abominable a ſtate, that the clergyman and overſeers, after many fruitleſs complaints on the part of the inhabitants, were cited to anſwer accuſations in the Spiritual court.

"We want no overſeers, biſhops, or ſpiritual court, to make us keep our dead (which ſurely, Sir, are a part of ourſelves, whether above the earth or under it) as free from ſuch as we can. If the grave we clean holds a good relation, we ſhew our gratitude in our diligence: if a bad one, our conſtant attention is a mark that whatever treſpaſſes he or ſhe may have committed againſt us,

they are forgiven. If a nettle or weed was to be ſeen to-morrow in this church-yard, the living party to whom it belongs, would be hooted after divine ſervice by the whole congregation. I would part with my laſt farthing rather than ſee theſe two little heaps go to ruin: nay, except a few feet of earth I cultivate for uſe, I decorate my garden with flowers and ſhrubs only for my dead, and look upon it to be as much theirs as if they were both alive."

The good woman here finiſhed her diſcourſe, during the greater part of which, ſhe was on her knees, plucking up every thing which was unſeemly, freſhening the mould, faſtning the looſe tile-work, and forming with a mixture of maternal and conjugal tenderneſs, the roſe-ſlips and violet roots into ſhapes expreſſive of her affection.

I cannot tell you how much I was moved. Nor is it neceſſary. You have an heart that has a beating ſacred to ſuch incidents.

This cuſtom is, I believe, peculiar in European countries, to Wales, and the Swiſs Catholic Cantons; but in the latter, to an iron croſs is ſuſpended a bowl, con-

taining holy water, with which the relatives ſprinkle the graves of the deceaſed as often as they come to church.

Shakſpeare ſays, and with his accuſtomed ſweetneſs—

" With faireſt flowers, while ſummer laſts,
" I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave; thou ſhalt not lack
" The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primroſe,
" Nor the azure harebell like my veins; no, nor
" The leaf of eglantine, which not to ſlander,
" Outſcented not thy breath."

I truſt, my friend, you will long continue your good wiſhes to the Pembrokeſhire widow.

It is in this part of Wales, that the women dreſs their heads in a peculiar manner; they wear a cumbrous gown of dark blue cloth, even in the midſt of ſummer; inſtead of a cap, a large handkerchief is wrapt over their heads, and tied under the chin: in other places, the women as well as the men wear large hats with broad brims, often flapping over their ſhoulders.

PRATT'S GLEANINGS.

Civility and Politeness.

TWO boys had been paying a visit in the family of a friend of their father. When they returned home, the one was charmed with every thing he had met with during his absence; the other expressed himself happy at getting away.

"How is this, my children?" said the father. "I have no doubt you were both treated with equal attention, and impartial regard. One seems happy in the reception he experienced; the other rejoices that he is escaped from his visit."

A pause ensued:— no answer was returned. "I see," continued he, addressing himself to the eldest, "how it is: Harry is pleased, because he studied to be pleasing; while you, I fear, have been negligent in your manners, and inattentive to the little arts that conciliate love; and therefore you have not met with that satisfaction, which must ever be mutual and reciprocal.

"A complaiſant behaviour, and a conſtant deſire of obliging, attracts the regard, and rivets the affections of mankind beyond all the talents and advantages that can be put in competition with them. Without thoſe amiable qualities, learning becomes pedantry, beauty is diſguſting, and ſuperiority ſavours of pride.

"I am very far, however, from recommending an attention to ſuperficial qualities alone: I wiſh you to poſſeſs elegance of mind, as well as of manners—and real worth, with acquired graces. Believe me, their union will be irreſiſtible: whereas, without merit of a higher rank, intimate acquaintance will ſoon diſſolve the charms of manners, however ſpecious—of externals, however captivating.

The unſeemly ſhell ſometimes contains a pearl; the rough coat of the pine conceals a delicious fruit; and the brighteſt virtues are not unfrequently veiled under an unpromiſing outſide, and an awkward addreſs. In this caſe, it requires ſome penetration to diſcover the latent worth; and few will be at the trouble to put a due eſtimate on thoſe qualities which a perſon is negligent in ſetting off to advantage himſelf. Hence the value of poliſhed manners becomes apparent:

they give a new luſtre to great abilities, or good qualities ;—and though they cannot ſupply their place, when wanting, they will often conceal the deficiency from vulgar eyes. Beſides, civility is one of the chief arts of ſtrewing the rugged path of life with flowers. The attentions it pays are returned with intereſt ; and life is ſweetened by its ſmiles.

"In every ſituation into which you may be thown, where neither religion nor morals forbid, ſtudy rather to pleaſe others, than to gratify yourſelf. Thus others will endeavour to make themſelves acceptable to you : a ſoft charm will be diffuſed over your ſocial intercourſe ; and you will return from every freſh ſcene, every new adventure, with the impreſſions of Harry—ſatisfied, becauſe you have been ſolicitous to give ſatisfaction."

Frugality.

SIMPLEX, when he entered at ſchool, had no more than two pence a

week allowed him by his parents; while many of his age had ſix-pence—and ſome even more. His parents were not affluent—but they were indulgent; and had they thought it for his good, they would have abridged themſelves of ſome pleaſures, to add to his. Their opinion was, that gratifying unneceſſary deſires only increaſes their importunity; and that he who does not learn early to huſband a little, will never be a good manager with a great deal. They anxiouſly endeavoured to impreſs on his mind, that the fewer perſonal wants he had, the happier and richer he would be; and that it is more meritorious to be ſatisfied with moderate indulgences, than to wiſh to enjoy, and to be able to command many.

At firſt, Simplex felt himſelf ſomewhat mortified, when his ſchool-fellows could purchaſe more expenſive play-things, and riot on more tarts and fruit, than his finances would allow: but he ſoon overcame this; and was frequently able to lend an halfpenny out of his ſlender ſtock—and ſometimes to give one in charity—when his richer aſſociates, from their extravagance, could do neither.

His wants thus bounded, and his character thus formed, quickly gave him ideas of comfort and ſelf-congratulation, which others were deprived of; and when it was found, that his allowance could be increaſed with ſafety, it was gradually done, till it amounted to a ſhilling a week.

In the firſt year after he had been indulged with this capital ſum, as he then thought it, he ſurpriſed his parents by diſplaying a ſilver watch, on his return at one of the vacations. He explained his expenditures; and he produced a minute account, as a voucher of his prudence and œconomy. The page in which the ſums total were caſt up, I have faithfully copied, as an incitement and an example to others. In my eſtimation, it is more valuable than many long treatiſes on management and frugality: it illuſtrates an uſeful art; and diſplays ſome traits of character, which older people may be proud to imitate.

CASH, Dr.	£.	s.	d.	CASH Cr.	£.	s.	d.
To one year's allowance,	2	12	0	By a Bible - -	0	4	0
				By a Robinſon Cruſoe -	0	2	6
				By expenſes at a philoſophical lecture - -	0	1	6
				By ſhews of wild beaſts at fairs	0	1	6
				By charity to old ſoldiers and diſabled ſailors - -	0	4	6
				By ſubſcription to ſet up a poor fruit-woman	0	2	6
				By preſent to a man who had loſt his cow - -	0	2	6
				By ſervants for many favours	0	3	6
				By ſundry play-things -	0	5	0
				By fruits, tarts, &c. -	0	3	6
				By a ſilver watch -	1	1	0
	£. 2	12	0		£. 2	12	0

On Education.

THE ſacred writer of the book of Job has remarked, that "man is born like the wild aſſes' colt." In the firſt moments of his exiſtence he appears even leſs intelligent than the lower orders of animals. That etherial ſpark, which has been lit up within him by the father of lights, is utterly hidden, like the fire in the flint, till it is gradually expanded and drawn forth by education.—The knowledge of the *brute* animal is ſtinted and confined to very narrow limits; and it ſoon becomes ſtationary. A brute, in a very few years, and ſome kinds, in a few months, or even in a few days, obtain the whole ſtock of knowledge of which they are capable. But the knowledge of the human mind eſſentially differs from that of the inferior animals, in the particular reſpect of its being capable of conſtant and, perhaps, of endleſs progreſſion. The new born infant, that now lies in his cradle, ſtupidly unconſcious and totally incapable of the leaſt exertions for his own preſervation,

or even of diſtinguiſhing the hand that feeds him, may hereafter be able to turn the courſe of the thunderbolt and to meaſure the ſtars of heaven; and, on the probable ſuppoſition, that the human mind will be capable of a conſtant and indefinite expanſion and progreſſion, through the ſucceſſive ſtages of immortal exiſtence, the period may come when this ſame infant may look down on the attainments of a LOCKE or a NEWTON, as we do on the ingenious trifles of children. *Uneducated* man riſes but little above the brute. His intellectual powers lie dormant. The condition of *uneducated* man is never *fully* ſeen in civilized life, nor even in ſavage ſociety. Every ſavage tribe has language, has government and laws, and all the individuals learn ſomething from each other and from the experience of their anceſtors. It is evident, therefore, that even ſavages, when they are connected together in ſociety, have a ſmall degree of education. It is owing to the aid of education, that they are able to conſtruct a canoe and to paſs over the ſurface of the water and to draw the fiſh from his element. It is owing to the aid of education, that they build themſelves huts, and conſtruct their bows and arrows,

whereby they overcome the beaſts of the foreſts, which are ſwifter and ſtronger than themſelves.

In the *wild boy* of the woods, who has always lived alone or with the brutes, from his earlieſt years to the age of manhood, there is ſeen the real condition of *uneducated* man. Several human creatures, who had paſſed their lives in theſe wretched circumſtances, have been found in the foreſts of Europe.—And, in every ſuch inſtance, the diſtinguiſhing traces of humanity, unleſs merely in the exterior form and ſtructure, were ſcarcely perceiveable. Thoſe untaught ſons of nature, in point of intelligence, could but barely claim ſuperiority over the monkey. Their voice imitated the yelling of beaſts and they manifeſted not a ſingle idea, beyond that of fear and of ſatisfying the cravings of their appetites.

From this deplorable condition of man totally void of education, to the higheſt ſtate of refinement in human knowledge and manners, there is a diſtance almoſt inconceiveable: and it is probable that the *latter* approaches as near to the loweſt order of angelic intelligence as the *former* does to brutal inſtinct. "In all the ſtages of man from the one extreme ſtate to

the other, he paſſes through an endleſs variety of ſituations and circumſtances, which are conſtantly giving a new appearance to his capacities, powers, manners and purſuits."

The loweſt kind of education is that which is received among the rudeſt orders of ſavages who live together in a ſtate of ſociety. This education extends to the mutual communication of ideas, partly by language and partly by ſigns, and to the knowledge of a few ſocial duties, as alſo to the knowledge of the means of ſelf preſervation and of annoying their enemies.

As the ſavage ſtate approaches to civilization, the objects of education are multiplied, and ſtill increaſe from the ſtate of ſimple civilization to that of the higheſt refinement. A ſavage deſpiſes every kind of learning or knowledge that does not immediately relate to his own preſervation and ſupport. In a ſtate of ſimple civilization, the courſe of education is principally directed to objects of utility and convenience; but in a refined ſtate of ſociety, *utility* is often ſacrificed to *ſhow*, and the objects of education are dictated more by the caprice of faſhion than by the ſober voice of reaſon.

Pompous Embassy.

IN the year 1727, when the Marshal Duke de Richlieu, went ambassador from France, to Vienna, he made his entry into that capital with 69 coaches with six horses, and six others likewise with six horses, prodigiously rich. The ambassador's body coach was lined within and covered without with crimson velvet, over which was an embroidery of gold in relief, with fringes of gold; the four panels were embroidered with the arms of the Ambassador embroidered in relief; his cypher, embroidered in the same manner, filled the small side panels; the large panel behind was ornamented with an embroidery in relief, as well as the imperial, the velvet of which was covered with large branches of gold embroidery likewise in relief, which uniting in the middle, formed a sort of flower;—the horses were brown bays, the harness of crimson velvet covered with plates of silver gilt, and point d'Espagne; and the aiglettes of plume; crimson with ornaments of gold.

The ſuite was no leſs brilliant; ſix horſes clothed with red velvet, laced all over with ſilver, and the reſt of their attire of ſilver ſtuff and fringes. Fifty footmen dreſſed in ſcarlet cloth, with broad lace of purple and ſilver; their hats embroidered and adorned with white plumes, and wearing ſilver hilted ſwords. Twelve huſſars, holding in their hands ſilver clubs. Twelve pages on horſeback, dreſſed in red velvet, embroidered with ſilver. The reſt in proportion. The Governor of the Pages, Sub-Governor, Equerry, Sub-Equerries, Swiſſes, twenty-four grooms riding on horſeback, and leading horſes. A more extraordinary circumſtance will forever diſtinguiſh this entry from that of all other Ambaſſadors. The horſes of the Duke's carriage, and led horſes in his ſuite, were ſhod with ſilver, held by a very ſmall nail, ſo that on the road all of them loſt their ſhoes, which were picked up by the people.

Indian Anecdote.

AT a late Indian Treaty an old Indian related, to ſome white people, an extraordinary adventure of his ſon in one of

his hunting excurſions. The circumſtances were ſo uncommon as to excite doubts in the mind of one of the by-ſtanders, who pertly aſked him if he believed what he had related to be true. "I do," replied the Indian," my ſon told me it himſelf, and *my ſon has never ſeen a white man.*

Anecdote.

A FRENCH Emigrant, a man of genteel addreſs, travelling through the North, lately arrived at Hull, where, in order to pick up a little money, being a muſical man, he adverti ſed to give a concert, and after it to ſhew a few tricks upon cards. The Mayor ſent for him, when the following dialogue took place:

Mayor.—Who are you? Sir—what are you doing here? I have heard ſtrange reports about you; among other things, that you are a Conjuror: what have you to ſay for yourſelf?

Frenchman—Pleaſe your Vorſhip I heard a ſtrange report about you too.

Mayor—About me! what fellow, have you heard about me, heh?

Frenchman—Dat you are *no conjuror.*

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

Mathematical Question

A CERTAIN gentleman left his eſtate which conſiſted of 2580 acres of land, lying in a circle, to his Wife, Son, and nine Daughters in the following manner, to wit. The Daughters were to have the nine largeſt Pentagons that could be made in the circle, with one angle of each Pentagon touching the Periphery, the Son to have the largeſt Nonagon that could be made by the Baſes of theſe Pentagons about the center of the Circle, and the widow to have the remainder during her life-time, and after her deceaſe, her ſhare to be equally divided between her ten children, viz. her nine daughters and ſon.—The Queſtion is to know how many acres of land fell to the ſhare of each child after the deceaſe of the widow.

Edwin.

Lo ! where the ſtripling wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
And ſees, on high, amidſt the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents ſhine :

While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo ſwells the chorus to the ſkies.
Would Edwin this majeſtic ſcene reſign
For aught the huntſman's puny craft ſupplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's
charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to ſurvey,
When o'er the ſky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimſon cloud, blue main, and mountain
grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the ſmoaky lawn;
Far to the weſt the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding lawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But, lo! the ſun appears! and heaven, earth,
ocean, ſmile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in miſt the world below was loſt.
What dreadful pleaſure! there to ſtand ſublime,
Like ſhipwreck'd mariner on deſert coaſt,
And view th' enormous waſte of vapour, toſt
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now ſcoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now
emboſs'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and ſong rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar,
profound!

In truth he was a ſtrange and wayward wight
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful ſcene.

In darkneſs, and in ſtorm, he found delight:
Nor leſs, than when on ocean-wave ſerene
The ſouthern ſun diffuſed his dazzling ſhene.
Even ſad viciſſitude amuſed his ſoul:
And if a ſigh would ſometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A ſigh, a tear, ſo ſweet, he wiſh'd not to controul.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom?"
(The Muſe interprets thus his tender thought.)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late ſo grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that ſong and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their manſions now forſake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the ſtorm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a ſhapeleſs flake.

Where now the rill melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
Ah! ſee, th' unſightly ſlime, and ſluggiſh pool,
Have all the ſolitary vale imbrown'd,
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting ſound.
The raven croaks forlorn on naked ſpray.
And, hark! the river, burſting every mound,
Down the vale thunders; and with waſteful ſway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the ſhatter'd rocks away.

Yet ſuch the deſtiny of all on earth:
So flouriſhes and fades majeſtic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And foſtering gales a while the nurſtling fan.
O ſmile, ye heavens, ſerene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, ſpare his balmy prime,
Nor leſſen of his life the little ſpan.
Borne on the ſwift, though ſilent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it ſo. Let thoſe deplore their doom,
Whoſe hope ſtill grovels in this dark ſojourn.
But lofty ſouls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can ſmile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall ſpring to theſe ſad ſcenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the ſun's eternal bed?
Soon ſhall the orient with new luſtre burn,
And ſpring ſhall ſoon her vital influence ſhed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

Complaint of an African Woman for the loss of her Husband.

POOR child! (how contented it ſleeps)
As yet quite a ſtranger to woe;
'Tis unknown why thy mother thus weeps,
Why her tears thus inceſſantly flow:

Ah, ceaſe not to flow, briny tears!
Ye bring to my anguiſh relief;
Ye give vent to my heart-rending cares,
And ſoften the ſharpneſs of grief.

Ah! did ye not flow to my aid,
My heart would have broken in twain;
Alas! by barbarians betray'd,
I ſhall ne'er ſee my huſband again!
The wretches well ſkill'd to beguile,
With a ſmile on thy brow thou didſt meet;
Ah! why didſt thou truſt in that ſmile?
Beneath it lurk'd faithleſs deceit.

I am told that in dungeons confin'd,
Shut out from the light of the day,
With ſtrong fetters the captive they bind,
Who is made (ſad misfortune!) their prey:
That in huge floating caſtles they're borne
To a country far diſtant from here—
From all tender connexions they're torn,
From all that their ſouls could hold dear.

Far, far they are borne from the ſoil
Where their love, their affections remain;
And compell'd for their tyrants to toil,
To gather their harveſts with pain.
The ſigh that is burſting my heart,
Accuſes my fondneſs and care;
Ah, why did I let thee depart!
In thy dangers why did not I ſhare?

Ah, my child !—but I ſhall not yet be
  Quite of all conſolation bereft—
I will ceaſe to lament—ſince in thee,
  I ſtill ſome ſmall comfort have left :
I will live !—but it is for thy ſake !
  To thee I'll transfer all my care ;
But for thee—I had plung'd in the lake,
  In the tranſports of grief and deſpair.

To the wood's dark receſſes I'll fly,
  Where fell tygers prowl nightly for prey ;
Could I hide from theſe ravagers' eye—
  The tyger's leſs cruel than they.
'Tis hunger alone that excites
  Theſe monſters to range thro' the wood ;
But the Chriſtian, more ſavage, delights
  To riot in carnage and blood.

Grief will ſoon bring my life to a cloſe,
  To the land I ſhall then wing my way,
Where the ſpirits departed repoſe—
  Impatient I wait for the day !
I again ſhall my huſband behold,
  In ſafety reclin'd in the grove ;
Where the fierce Chriſtian thirſting for gold,
  Shall part me no more from my love.

To a frighted hare.

LITTLE timid creature ſtay!
Why ſo haſtily away?
Tremble not at ſight of me,
I ſhall never injure thee.
Tho' too many of my race,
Joying in the cruel chaſe,
Thee with eager ſhouts purſue,
Flying o'er the morning dew;
Judge not of us all by thoſe,
Trembler—all are not thy foes.
Some there are of hearts humane,
Where the gentler paſſions reign,
Thinking ſtepdame nature hard,
Pitying, view with kind regard,
Thy untoward hapleſs fate,
And thy weak defenceleſs ſtate,
Safe from terrors and alarms,
Thou might'ſt ſhelter in their arms.
Wandering o'er the vernal meads,
Whither contemplation leads,
Or to mark the op'ning ſpring,
Or to hear the warblers ſing,
Or to waſte the lonely hours,
Culling wildly ſcatter'd flowers;
Or by Luna's placid light,
When I woo the ſilent night,

Pleas'd, I oft unſeen ſurvey
All your ſportive am'rous play,
Revelling in haſty joys,
While unſcar'd by hated noiſe;
Should my errant feet too rude,
On your frolic ſport intrude;
Should that hated form appear,
Swift you fly in wildeſt fear,
Trembling ſeek a ſafe retreat,
Borne away on ſinews fleet.

Little timid creature ſay,
Why ſo ſwift you flee away?
Too much cauſe thou haſt indeed,
Fearful wand'rer for thy dread;
Not a beaſt on earth that goes
Numbers ſuch a hoſt of foes.
Haply ſoaring on the ſky,
As the eagle paſſes by,
Darting from his airy ſteep,
On thy placid noonday ſleep,
Bears thee to the cliffy brow
Nodding o'er the main below,
Where impatient for their food,
Famiſh'd ſcream his callow brood.
Or on earth, or in the air,
Foes ſurround thee ev'ry where,
Watching, or by night or day,
Thee to make their deſtin'd prey;
Ne'er exempt from fatal harms,
All thy life is but alarms.
Chiefly man's tyrannic ſway,
He who boaſts of reaſon's ray,

He whoſe heart alone can feel
Pity's ſoftly ſighing thrill,
By uncounted numbers ſlain,
Baſely deſolates the plain.
Panting o'er the weary fields,
What a ſavage joy it yields,
Ev'ry little art to foil,
Circumvent each ſubtile wile,
And with ſtubborn patience trace,
All the mazes of thy race,
Till exhauſted, breathleſs worn,
Thou by bloody hounds are torn.

Fly then, timid creature, fly!
All thy fears I juſtify;
Thou who haſt the ſavage try'd,
How canſt thou in man confide?

The Beggar.

THRO' the fields, as I ſtray'd, when the ſkies were ſerene,
When the corn's pendent ears wildly wav'd in the breeze;
When buſtling at work the gay reapers were ſeen,
And Pomona's rich bounties hung ripe on the trees,

A poor Beggar I ſaw, as he ſat on the ground,
And I heard him oft ſigh, and thus plaintively ſpeak,
Whilſt his eye ſad ſurvey'd the gay proſpect around,
And penſive dejection ſat pale on his cheek:

"Amidſt the gay ſcenes now unfolded to ſight,
It is almoſt a crime to be heard to complain:
But, alas! can the boſom partake of delight,
That ſtruggles with want, and is tortur'd with pain?

From the door, where I crav'd but a morſel of bread,
When ſpurn'd with rude taunts, I'm compell'd to depart:
When houſeleſs I rove, e'en unbleſt with a *shed*,
How can pleaſure admittance obtain to my heart?

From Nature's great Parent the bounties that flow,
One would think, ſhould awaken the kindneſs of man,
Like him out of plenty a part to beſtow,
And give to the wretched the pittance he can.

There was once, when the bleſſings of fortune were mine,
When hope bid me count certain bliſs as my lot;

When the ſoul of the wanderer could not repine,
Who entreated an alms at the door of my cot.

But alas! ſtern misfortune's rude hand has now torn
From my heart ev'ry joy made it pleaſure to live;
And hopeleſs, abandoned, I wander forlorn,
To requeſt the relief I exulted to give."

Ah me! and I heard him thus penſively wail,
And I paſt, as it ſeem'd, quite regardleſsly by,
As the Beggar repeated his ſorrowful tale,
Yet a tear—a ſoft tear gently ſtole from my eye.

From thy look, for the language of looks I believe,
Thou didſt think I was hard, and unfeeling, I know;
But my heart—yes, my heart deeply ſigh'd to relieve—
What I had not, poor Beggar, I could not beſtow.

An Address to those who are pleased with Nothing.

SOME fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You ſpeak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worſe—the drone-pipe of an humble bee.
The ſouthern ſaſh admits too ſtrong a light,
You riſe and drop the curtain—now it's night.
He ſhakes with cold—you ſtir the fire and ſtrive
To make a blaze—that's roaſting him alive.
Serve him with ven'ſon, and he chooſes fiſh;
With ſoal—that's juſt the ſort he would not wiſh.
He takes what he at firſt profeſs'd to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet ſtill o'erclouded with a conſtant frown,
He does not ſwallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to pleaſe him, vain on ev'ry plan,
Himſelf ſhould work that wonder, if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his diſtreſs,
He likes your's little, and his own ſtill leſs.
Thus always teaſing others, always teas'd
His only pleaſure is—to be diſpleas'd.

COWPER.

The Freeman.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are ſlaves beſide. There is not a chain
That helliſh foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he caſts it off
With as much eaſe as Samſon his green wyths.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps compar'd
With thoſe whoſe manſions glitter in his ſight,
Calls the delightful ſcen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the reſplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inſpir'd,
Can lift to heaven an unpreſumptuous eye,
And ſmiling ſay—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphaſis of int'reſt his,
Whoſe eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whoſe heart with praiſe, and whoſe exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd and built, and ſtill upholds, a world

So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man ?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded ſoil, and ye may waſte much good
In ſenſeleſs riot ; but ye will not find,
In feaſt or in the chaſe, in ſong or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of uſurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Approximates nature as his father's work,
And has a richer uſe of your's than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth,
Of no mean city ; plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the ſea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the ſame in ev'ry ſtate ;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whoſe ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it leſs :
For he has wings that neither ſickneſs, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook ſo narrow but he ſpreads them there
With eaſe, and is at large. Th' oppreſſor holds
His body bound ; but knows not what a range
His ſpirit takes, unconſcious of a chain ;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

COWPER.

A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

LUCRATIVE offices are ſeldom loſt
For want of pow'rs proportion'd to the poſt:
Give e'en a dunce th' employment he deſires,
And he ſoon finds the talents it requires;
A buſineſs with an income at his heels
Furniſhes always oil for its own wheels.
But in his arduous enterpriſe to cloſe
His active years with indolent repoſe,
He finds the labours of that ſtate exceed
His utmoſt faculties, ſevere indeed.
'Tis eaſy to reſign a toilſome place,
But not to manage leiſure with a grace;
Abſence of occupation is not reſt,
A mind quite vacant is a mind diſtreſs'd.
The vet'ran ſteed, excus'd his taſk at length
In kind compaſſion of his failing ſtrength,
And turn'd into the park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future ſervice all his days,
There feels a pleaſure perfect in its kind,
Ranges at liberty, and ſnuff's the wind:
But when his lord would quit the buſy road,
To taſte a joy like that he has beſtow'd,
He proves leſs happy than his favour'd brute,
A life of eaſe a difficult purſuit.

COWPER.

No. III. Vol. II.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

The Moralist.

"The Lord is in his holy Temple; let all "the earth keep silence before him."

IT is, no doubt, astonishing to many, even on the most cursory view of the scenes which are daily transacting before them, to remark, in the present day, the almost universal prevalence of infidelity and dissipation; more particularly, among the youth: those who are now entering the world, with pleasing hopes of rising to future eminence and fame, and who are anticipating scenes of joy and happiness, which they conceive it will be their lot to experience, when they are freed from those bonds with which they think they are at present *unjustly* confined. Alas! how giddy—how thoughtless are

they. Toſſed in tumults of deſire and expectation, they very ſeldom have either inclination or power to recall their ſcattered thoughts, and let Reaſon reſume her empire, and deſtroy notions, at once viſionary, and prejudicial to their future peace. Theſe, whoſe hearts, inſtead of being the ſeats of every virtue, and in which every noble ſentiment ought to be nurtered and cheriſhed, ſuffer themſelves to be drawn aſide from the path of rectitude, and allured by the faſcinating charms of vice, who, dreſſed in her moſt ſplendid garb, and aſſuming the name of "Innocent Pleaſure, and Recreation," captivates their hearts, and blinds their eyes, ſo that "they ſee not" the path of deſtruction before them: deſtruction—of every moral, virtuous principle they may poſſeſs. Seldom indeed, do they retire within themſelves, abſtract their thoughts even a few moments from the ſcenes which ſo ſtrongly enchain their attention, turn from the haunts of "folly and riot," and commune with Him who is waiting for admiſſion into "his holy Temple," and "keep ſilence before Him who is all glorious," receive his inſtructions with reverence, and obey his precepts with delight; to permit the "whirl-

wind to paſs by," and liſten attentively to that "ſtill ſmall voice," whoſe admonitions cannot be miſtaken, for it ſpeaks in "language clear and intelligible,"

"It ſtrikes the ſoul with awe profound,
"Affects the gay, alarms the fair."

Nor is the *Public* Incence of adoration before the Moſt High often attended to. How often does "The beams of God's own hallowed day" ſhine upon thoſe, who profeſs themſelves to be the votaries of the Chriſtian Religion, not attending even in his outward "Temples," to offer unto him the joyful ſacrifice of a "pure heart," acceptable in the higheſt degree in his ſight, but trifling away that day which He himſelf has rendered holy, in various amuſements ſuited to eradicate every remaining moral principle they may be in poſſeſſion of. How often, notwithſtanding their profeſſions, do they wiſh this Day "over and paſt," that they may act over again the buſy ſcenes in which they have been engaged during the paſt week? How often are they ready to cry out, "When will the new moon be gone, that we may ſell corn, and the *Sabbath* that we may put forth wheat?" How can theſe liſten to the admonitions of the

Moſt high, when they deſpiſe his holy commandments, and defeat the purpoſe for which they were created? Thoſe who are leſs ſcrupulous in this reſpect, ſchemes of pleaſure entirely occupy: to theſe indeed, the Sabbath is a day of more hurry than any of the ſeven: it is truly, "no day of reſt to *them.*"

And even thoſe who wiſh to appear before men, as warm advocates for the cauſe of Religion, what inattention do *they* diſplay in the ſanctuaries of God? The counſels of his miniſters are ſlighted, "his altars broken down:" when they return from His Temples, they are no wiſer, no better than if they had not been preſent. His ſacred truths are remembered no more; his precepts diſregarded and forgotten. By theſe means they are ſtrangers to that

——————"ſource of ſterling joy,
"That Poverty itſelf cannot deſtroy,"

that perpetual ſunſhine of the breaſt, which "dignifies the heart, and adds luſtre to the mind" which poſſeſſes it, and the value of which, the virtuous man alone can truly appreciate. By the ſtrong attraction with which the world and its pleaſures perpetually draws them, it in-

deed becomes "abuſed;" they trample as it were, under their feet, the bleſſing, with which they are favoured by a kind and merciful being.

The benefits of public worſhip are ſo great, and ſo evident, that it is not neceſſary for me to inſiſt on them here; yet manifeſt as they appear to be, how great is the omiſſion of this moſt important duty, which we owe to our great Benefactor and Preſerver. How often do we neglect to thank Him for his favours? Can we look forward with "juſt expectation" to that period when we ſhall be "made perfect,"—when we ſhall become joyful companions of the "Angels of Light," if we concern not ourſelves here, in being fitted to enjoy thoſe exalted pleaſures, which we are told will be the allotment of thoſe "who have walked uprightly on earth," and who have rendered the meed of praiſe and gratitude to Him who truly deſerves it from our hands? Gratitude to our *fellow-creatures* has been highly commended by many writers;

"Sweet is the breath of vernal ſhower,
"The bee's collected treaſure ſweet,
"Sweet, Muſic's melting fall: but ſweeter yet by far,
"The ſtill, ſmall voice of Gratitude."

If this emotion be ſo highly honourable to the human heart, when applied to the remembrance of favours from our fellow mortals, how much more pure and exalted muſt it then be, when it is breathed from the inmoſt receſſes of the ſoul, in "liberal effuſions" to the Moſt High, to whom we owe it, for receiving ſo many bleſſings, far ſuperior to thoſe pleaſures which can be conferred on us by friends, by "wealth or fame:" how pleaſing to be able to exclaim with ſincerity,

"Eternal Power from whom theſe bleſſings flow,"
Let every thing which I may ſee,—every thing I may feel,
——————"Still lift my ſoul to Thee;
"And let me ever, 'midſt thy bounties raiſe,
"An humble note of thankfulneſs and praiſe!'

FARMER'S BOY

And what place, I would aſk, can be more proper for offering unto God the incence of adoration, and coming "before his preſence with Thankſgiving," than his outward Temples: thoſe places which are purpoſely conſecrated to devotion—where his people are aſſembled jointly to worſhip him, and Piety wafts the acceptable incence of their united prayers before his Throne: where the

mind can be drawn from the cares which commonly oppreſs it, and weaken its energies, and be empowered to riſe ſuperior to them, and to "worſhip him in ſpirit and in truth?"

You, my young friends, to whom I now wiſh to addreſs myſelf, will not, I truſt, ſuffer yourſelves to be caught with the multitude "in the rapidly whirling vortex" of pleaſure, nor permit your hearts to be captivated by folly, and allured by the "minions of ſin" and the "miniſters of vice" into the gulf of deſtruction. Avoid then, I intreat you, the temptations which ſurround, and which will inevitably entrap you without you ſhun them. *Often* ſeek Him, both in *private* and in public, who looketh down with delight upon thoſe who "fear him:" often enter his "holy Temples" with reverence and adoration. There, at leaſt, ſuffer your minds to enjoy recollection: let there every worldly adventitious thought be ſhut out, and "keep ſilence before him:" liſten to the promulgation of his ſacred Truths with attention, and let them be deeply impreſſive. Enkindle within your breaſts the ſeraphic flame; let your ſpirits be elevated before the "throne of Grace," the ſeat of the Moſt

High, and you will receive ſtrength from above, which will enable you to guard againſt the follies and vices ſo prevalent in this "age of ſin." Venerate Him with "ſilent gratitude—the homage of the heart, and

"His ſacred name for ever bleſs.
"Where'er the circling ſun diſplays,
"His riſing beams, or ſetting rays,
"Due praiſe to His great name addreſs."

You will be by theſe means enabled, when your heads are "ſilvered o'er with age," to have the pleaſing hope of ſoon enjoying the privilege of angels, of ſeeing your "Maker face to face," and of contemplating his glories with extatic pleaſure, without ſatiety: and you will then experience an anticipation of a future reſidence with the "beatific ſpirits" of light, in thoſe regions,

"Where———————————
"The pealing anthem ſwells the note of Praiſe."

GRAY.

and "where the wicked ceaſe from troubling," where temptations are no more, and the ſoul "weary" of her labours, finds an everlaſting "reſt." There,

freed from the infirmities of human nature—the "ſhackles of mortality" you can truly render unto Him the ſincere tribute of thankſgiving, for an eternal Redemption from the "bonds of ſin;" for

"Tis he deſtroys death's baneful ſting,
"And bids the grave's dread horrors fly;
"The choirs of heav'n his triumph ſing,
"And hail him victor through the ſky."

T. V.

Omar, or the Punishment of Avarice.

AS Omar, the hoary and the wiſe, was ſitting at the door of his cell, he looked up towards the deſert, and ſaw a cloud of duſt that aſcended from earth to heaven: the caravan was returning from Cairo with merchandize and treaſure; he heard a confuſed murmur of various ſounds, and at length the camels and the multitude appeared. When they came up, Omar beckoned with his hand, and cried out, hear me ye ſons of traffic, ye labourers of anxiety and ſorrow: Gold is bright as the morning, but fatal as the ſtorm at midnight; beware of the ſilent

approach of the ſerpent, beware of the beauty of woman, but chiefly beware of the power of gold. It is produced among poiſons in the bowels of the earth, and its fruits are calamity and guilt. The caravan ſtopped, for every one reverenced the wiſdom and virtue of Omar. I will tell you, ſaid Omar, the adventures of Sadir, Haran, and Zimur.

Sadir, Haran, and Zimur, were friends; amiable and young, their feet had yet not deviated from the paths of virtue. They ſet out together on a journey, and as they were travelling along the plains of Indoſtan, it happened that they found a treaſure. This was at once the teſt of virtue and friendſhip. Every heart throbbed, and every breaſt was opened to mirth and pleaſure. To divide it, would have been an outrage on the delicacy and confidence of their amity. Let the bounty of heaven, ſaid they, be the common bleſſing of us all. Mutually to ſhare without diviſion, will at once gratify and increaſe our confidence and love. As they had now the means of enjoyment, they determined to enjoy: they travelled by ſhorter ſtages, and they procured every accommodation that wealth could buy. When they reached the next town, Zimur was deputed by Sadir and Haran to

procure them proviſions, an office that ſuited his taſte, his knowledge, and his activity. As ſoon as he was gone, Sadir and Haran fixed their eyes upon the treaſure, and ſat ſome time ſilent: at length they ſtole a glance at each other, each was conſcious to his own wiſh, and thought he ſaw it reflected from the countenance of his friend. They began a converſation, in which this wiſh was mutually diſcloſed by almoſt imperceptible degrees. If we ſhould now ſecure this gold and depart, and Sadir, whom could Zimur blame but his own indiſcretion; would it not make two more happy than three? Shall we not gain at leaſt what he will loſe, and can we deſerve an opportunity that we neglect to improve?

The wiſe only, ſaid Haran, are appointed to proſperity: Zimur has no right to ſhare the treaſure with us, and we ſhall only fulfil an unchangable decree if we keep the whole to ourſelves. It is true, replied Sadir; but if he ſhould again find us, he may queſtion the determination, and claim his part; this, ſaid Haran, muſt be prevented. The dead are ſilent, and ceaſe from troubling. Such was the wiſh that gold excited in the hearts of Sadir and Haran, and ſuch was

the crime by which it was to be accompliſhed. Zimur returned in the evening, weary with labour, and pleaſed with the anticipation of refreſhment and reſt. But his aſſociates ſeized him at a diſadvantage, extended him upon the earth, and ſtrangled him with his turban.

When he was dead, they ſat down to the repaſt he had provided for them: but in a few moments the hand of death was upon them. They became pale, they ſhuddered; a cold ſweat covered their limbs, and they gazed at each other without power to ſpeak. In this ſpeechleſs agony of deſpair and horror, the ſtruggle of nature for life was ſhort, and both ſunk down together, were convulſed, groaned and expired.

Was this the work of a divine avenger? Did the Almighty puniſh by controlling Nature, and was the Juſtice miraculous, that guilt might tremble?—Is not Nature the handmaid of the Almighty, and wickedneſs the cauſe of his diſpleaſure? Zimur had poiſoned the food he had obtained, that he might the more eaſily ſecure the treaſure, and get rid of his companions.

The treaſure is now without a maſter, to whom ſhall it belong. Let not your hearts, ye ſons of men deſire it, even in

ſecret, leſt the crimes ye now tremble at, ye may be ere long induced to commit yourſelves, and without regret.

Geography of the United States of America.

AS the *Geography* of the country in which we live, is intereſting to every reader, a few pages of this number of our Magazine, ſhall be employed in giving a brief ſketch of the ſcience. The limits we have preſcribed to ourſelves neceſſarily confine us to the mere outlines, but it will be our aim to render theſe as inſtructive, as ſo narrow a compaſs will permit. If we only excite, in the mind of the juvenile reader, a deſire to purſue this manly and uſeful ſtudy, in its various details, we ſhall accompliſh no mean object.

The United States

ARE ſituate between the latitudes of 31° and 46° north, and 8° eaſt and 24° weſt, longitude from Philadelphia, or

64° and 96° weſt, from the meridian of London.—They contain about 1250 miles in length, and 1040 in breadth, which, by computation, yield rather more than a million of ſquare miles of land and water. Of this ſpace about one twelfth part is covered with water.

The peace of 1783, by which the conteſt between Great Britain, and her quondam colonies, was terminated, confirmed to the United States, not only all the territory they then poſſeſſed, but a vaſt extent of Indian country, and the uſe and benefits of one half of thoſe immenſe lakes, which bound the American States on the weſt and north weſt. The whole of this latter tract, which contains more than 200 millions of acres, together with other ſmaller portions of land, ſouth of the river Ohio, have been ceded by the thirteen original States, to the Federal Government, and are now pledged as a fund for ſinking the continental debt.

Canals and Lakes. It may be aſſerted with ſafety, that no part of the globe is ſo well watered with ſprings, rivulets, rivers and lakes, as the territory of the United States. By means of theſe various waters the country is chequered

into a number of iſlands and peninſulas. The canals between the Suſquehannah and Delaware, between Paſquetank and Elizabeth rivers, in Virginia, and between the Schuylkill and Suſquehannah, when perfected, will open a communication from the Carolinas, to the weſtern counties of Pennſylvania and New York. The improvement of the Potomack will give a paſſage from the Southern States to within a ſmall diſtance from the lakes. The canal of Delaware and Cheſapeak will open the communication from South Carolina to New-Jerſey, Delaware, Pennſylvania and New-York. Were theſe, and the canal between Aſhly and Cooper rivers, in South Carolina, the canals in the northern part of the ſtate of New-York, and thoſe of Maſſachuſetts and New Hampſhire, all completed, North America would thereby be converted into a cluſter of large and fertile iſlands, communicating eaſily with each other, at a ſmall expence, and in moſt parts without the uncertainty and danger of the ſeas.

There is nothing in other parts of the globe which reſembles the prodigious chain of lakes in this quarter. They may be properly termed inland ſeas of freſh water. In the courſe of another century

their banks will be planted with populous, commercial, and manufacturing towns, unleſs diſcord and anarchy check our growth and improvement.

Rivers. The rivers of this country are numerous, and ſome of them very large. The Miſſiſippi receives the waters of the Ohio and Illinois, and their various branches on the eaſt; and of the Miſſouri and other rivers on the weſt. Its ſource is not well known, but ſuppoſed to be 3000 miles from the ſea, purſuing the courſe of the river, which runs in a very crooked direction. The diſtance from New Orleans to the Ohio, which in a ſtraight line, is but about 460 miles, is more than 850 by water. During the vernal and autumnal floods, this river is very high, and the current ſtrong. It deſcends in theſe ſeaſons at the rate of five miles an hour, but in common, not much faſter than two miles. It empties itſelf into the bay of Mexico, a little below the Iſland of New Orleans. From the Ibberville to the ſea it overflows it's banks twice a year, and leaves them covered, at its receſs, with a fertilizing ſlime. The Ohio is a moſt beautiful river: its current gentle, waters clear, and its boſom ſmooth and unbroken by rocks

and rapids. At Pittſburgh it is about one quarter of a mile wide. Its length by exact meaſurement is 1188 miles. At the laſt mentioned place, it loſes its name, branching into the Monangahela and Allegany.—The entrance into almoſt all the rivers, inlets, and bays from New Hampſhire to Georgia, is from ſouth eaſt to north weſt. Suffice it that we only mention the names of the other principal rivers of the United States. The Connecticut, North, Delaware, Suſquehannah, Potowmack, Rappahannock, York, and James rivers are the moſt noted, and are all large and navigable.

Bays. The Coaſt of North America is indented with numerous bays; ſome of them are equal in ſize to any in the known world. The principal are; the bay of St. Laurence, the bay of Fundy, (where the tides riſe to a great height, and flow ſo rapidly as ſometimes to overwhelm animals feeding on the ſhore.) Long Iſland Sound, and the bays of Delaware and Cheſapeak; the latter 170 miles in length, and from ſeven to eighteen miles broad.

Face of the Country. It is happily variegated with plains and mountains, hills and valleys. In the parts eaſt of the Allegany mountains, in the ſouthern

ſtates, the country for 60 or 70 miles in breadth, is level and free from ſtone. At the bottom of the banks of ſome of the rivers, 15 or 20 feet below the ſurface of the earth, have been found layers of logs, leaves and ſand; ſome in a ſound ſtate, which appear to have been ſuddenly covered to a conſiderable depth. On the banks of the Savannah river, about 90 miles from the ſea, in a direct line, there is a remarkable collection of oyſter-ſhells of an uncommon magnitude. This ridge of ſhells runs in a northeaſt, and ſouthweſt direction, nearly parallel to the ſea coaſt, and occupies a ſpace of many miles in breadth. Theſe phenomena, as they cannot otherwiſe be eaſily accounted for, ſeem to prove that a great part of the flat country, eaſt of the Allegany, was, at ſome former period, covered by the ſea.

MOUNTAINS. There are many ridges of mountains, of various ſizes, interſecting this country, but the principal is that long and towering range, called the Allegany Mountains, which extends through its whole extent, in a north-eaſterly and ſouth-weſterly direction, nearly parallel to the ſea coaſt. This range has been deſcriptively ſtiled the back bone of the United States, and gives riſe to the prin-

cipal rivers which flow through them into the Atlantic Ocean on the eaſt, as well as into the lakes and the river Miſſiſippi on the weſt.

Soil and Produce. In the United States are to be found almoſt every kind of ſoil which the earth affords. In ſome or other parts, they produce all the various kinds of fruits and grains, pulſe and hortuline plants and roots, that are to be found in Europe, beſides a variety of native productions. In the eaſtern ſtates wheat is liable to be blaſted, but the crops of rye and Indian corn are exuberant. Fruits are to be met with in great plenty. One apple-tree has been known to produce ſeven barrels of cyder, and one peach-tree ſeven or eight hundred fine peaches. The middle ſtates contain the principal granaries of wheat, but in late years, their crops have often been greatly injured by the Heſſian fly. In the ſouthern ſtates the ſoil ſeems beſt adapted for the cultivation of tobacco, rice, indigo and cotton. The latter ſtates produce alſo ſnake-root, ginſang, ſaſſaparilla, and ſome other medical ſimples. In general the richeſt ſoils are removed 60 or eighty miles from the ocean. The land, al-

moſt every where, is well ſtocked with timber of all the moſt uſeful kinds.

ANIMALS. The territory of the United States contains about one fourth of all the different ſpecies of quadrupeds of the known world; and ſome of them larger than have been diſcovered in any other quarter. Among the latter, the moſt remarkable is the Mammoth, a ſpecies which is ſuppoſed to be extinct, but the bones of which have lately been diſcovered in various parts of the United States. After many years ſearch, a complete ſkeleton has been collected by the perſevering induſtry of C. W. Peale, and is exhibited at his Muſeum in Philadelphia, for the gratification of the curious. There is a tradition among the natives that, in ancient times, a herd of Mammoths came to the Big-bone-licks, and began to deſtroy all the other animals which were created for the uſe of the Indians; but the Great Man above, looking down and ſeeing this, was ſo enraged, that he ſeized his lightning, and hurled his bolts among them, until the whole were ſlaughtered, except the big bull, who, preſenting his forehead to the ſhafts, ſhook them off as they fell; but at length, miſſing one, it wounded him on the ſide; where-

upon, ſpringing round, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabaſh, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.

BIRDS. The birds of America, ſays Cateſby, generally exceed thoſe of Europe in the beauty and variety of their plumage, but are inferior, in the melody of their notes. They are moſtly birds of paſſage, which arrive from the ſouthward, but it is not known from what diſtance they come. Few of them ſtop to hatch their young in Virginia, Carolina, Georgia or Florida, but paſs through theſe ſtates in the ſpring, to thoſe which are ſituate more to the north. The Eagle, the pheaſant, grous and patridge, the wood-pecker, crow, blue jay, robin, marſh wren, the ſnow bird, and ſwallow, are nearly all the land birds which continue the whole year to the northward of Virginia.

AMPHIBIOUS REPTILES. Among theſe, the moſt remarkable is the alligator, or american crocodile, as it is ſometimes called. This is a very large and ugly creature, of amazing ſtrength and ſwiftneſs in the water. Its principal food are fiſh and inſects, though they are fond of the fleſh of dogs and hogs, and in the warm-

er climates will attack a man. They are from twelve to twenty-three feet in length; their bodies are as large at that of a horſe, and are covered with horny plates or ſcales, ſaid to be impenetrable by a rifle-ball. The upper jaw of this animal only moves, and this it raiſes ſo as to form a right angle with the lower one. It opens its mouth, while it baſks in the ſun, on the banks of rivers and creeks, and when filled with flies, and other inſects, it ſuddenly lets fall the upper jaw, and thus ſecures its prey. The old feed alſo on the young alligators, till they become large enough to eſcape from them. By this Providential deſtination their brood is checked in its increaſe; otherwiſe they would render ſome parts of America uninhabitable.

SERPENTS. Theſe are very numerous, and of various kinds, particularly in the ſouthern ſtates. Some are innocent, and others extremely venemous, but where they are the moſt to be dreaded, the great Author of Nature has provided various plants and herbs, which afford certain relief to perſons bitten. The Rattle-ſnake may be ranked among the largeſt. They are from four to ſix feet in length, and from four to ſix inches dia-

meter. Their rattles conſiſt of ſeveral horny bags, forming their tails, which, when they move, make a rattling noiſe, and warn people of their approach. They will not attack a perſon, unleſs previouſly provoked, when they throw their bodies into ſpiral coils; they become inflated with rage; their head and neck are flattened; their eyes and forked tongues become as red as a flame; and they never ſtrike unleſs ſure of their mark.

POPULATION. The United States of America are compoſed of almoſt all the various nations, languages, characters, and religions which Europe can furniſh. The greater and better part are of Britiſh deſcent, and the Engliſh is the common language of the country. Being collected from various countries, and formed under different governments, habits, cuſtoms and religions, they have not yet aſſimilated to that degree, as to conſtitute a national character; and from the facility with which foreigners are ſtill admitted to all the privileges of a native citizen, it may be long before a national character will be formed. When the Cenſus was taken in 1790, the inhabitants, including ſlaves, were computed about four millions, and when the laſt enumera-

tion was made in 1801, they had increaſed to 5,170,000, as will appear by the enſuing ſtatement.

Diſtricts or Territories.	Slaves.	Total amount	R*.
New Hampſhire	8	183,858	5
Rhode Iſland	380	69,122	2
Maſſachuſetts		574,564	17
Conecticut	951	251,002	7
Vermont		154,465	4
New York	20,613	586,050	17
New Jerſey	12,433	211,149	6
Pennſylvania	1,706	602,365	18
Delaware	6,153	64,273	1
Maryland	103,302	322,124	9
Virginia	346,968	886,149	22
North Carolina	133,296	478,103	12
South Carolina	146,151	345,591	8
Georgia	59,699	162,686	4
Kentucky	40,343	220,955	6
Teneſee			5
Territory N. W. Ohio		45,365	
Indian Territory	135	5,641	
Miſſiſippi Territory	3,480	8,850	
Total	875,020	5,172,312	141

* Repreſentatives to Congreſs.

By the foregoing ſtatement, which correſponds with the returns made to government, it appears that the proportion of ſlaves to free perſons is as eight to fourteen, in all the ſtates ſouth of Pennſylvania and Delaware, taken together, and in ſome of them nearly as ſix to 9. This is a ſubject of the greateſt importance to thoſe ſtates, and calls imperiouſly for their moſt ſerious attention. With ſuch a body of oppreſſed and diſcontented ſlaves about their houſes, the peace and ſafety of their country is conſtantly endangered. The attempts which have already been made, prove the reality and magnitude of the danger, and ought to render them extremely cautious of doing any thing that has the moſt diſtant tendency to kindle up the flames of civil war between the States; for the very firſt gun that will be fired will burſt the bands of thoſe ſlaves, and be a ſignal for univerſal conflagration and maſſacre.

CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT.

'Till the commencement of the war of 1775, the United States were in ſubjection to Great Britain, and under the juriſdiction of governors appointed by the king, in all of them, except Rhode Iſland and Connecticut, which elected their

own governor; but in July 1776, having declared themſelves free and independent, they publiſhed Articles of Confederation and perpetual Union, under the title of THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Theſe articles, though they were ſufficient to bind the States together, during the war, were found to be inadequate to the purpoſes of a Federal government, in a ſtate of peace. A convention was therefore called to conſider of the neceſſary amendments. This convention met in the ſummer of 1787, when the articles, forming the preſent Conſtitution of the United States, were drawn up and agreed to.

By this frame of government, the *legislative* powers are veſted in a Congreſs of the United States, to conſiſt of a Senate and a Houſe of Repreſentatives. The Senate is compoſed of two Senators from each State, choſen by the Legiſlature thereof for ſix years. Each Senator has one vote.—The Repreſentatives are choſen every two years by the people of the ſeveral States, in the proportion of one Member for thirty-three thouſand inhabitants. The Repreſentatives chooſe their own ſpeaker and other officers, and have the excluſive power of impeach-

ment. The Senate have the ſole power to try impeachments. When the Preſident of the United States is tried, the chief Judge ſhall ſit as Preſident of the court; and no perſon ſhall be convicted without the concurrence of two thirds of the members preſent. The congreſs ſhall aſſemble at leaſt once in every year. Each houſe ſhall judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its members. A majority of each ſhall conſtitute a quorum. The Senators and Repreſentatives ſhall receive a compenſation for their ſervices, to be paid out of the treaſury of the United States, which is fixed at preſent, at ſix dollars per diem. They ſhall in all caſes except treaſon, felony, and breach of the peace, be privileged from arreſt during the ſeſſions of Congreſs, and in going and returning from the ſame. For any ſpeech in either Houſe, they ſhall not be queſtioned in any other place. All laws ſhall have the approbation of the Preſident of the United States, or be re-enacted by at leaſt two thirds of both houſes. The powers of Congreſs are to levy taxes, borrow money, regulate coin, eſtabliſh poſt offices, raiſe armies, regulate commerce, declare war, &c.

The *Executive* power ſhall be veſted in a Preſident of the United States, choſen by electors, who ſhall hold his office for four years. His ſalary ſhall not be increaſed or diminiſhed during his term of office. He ſhall be Commander in Chief of the army and navy of the United States. He ſhall have power to grant reprieves and pardons, except in caſes of impeachments. By and with the conſent of two thirds of the Senate he ſhall have power to make treaties with foreign nations. He ſhall nominate and appoint Ambaſſadors, Conſuls, Judges of Supreme Court, and all other officers not otherwiſe appointed. He ſhall receive foreign ambaſſadors, commiſſion all the officers of the United States, and take care that the laws be faithfully executed.

The *judiciary* power of the United States, ſhall be veſted in one Supreme Court, and ſuch inferior Courts as the Congreſs ſhall from time to time ordain and eſtabliſh. The judges of theſe courts to hold their offices during *good behaviour*, and ſhall receive for their ſervices a compenſation, which ſhall not be diminiſhed during their continuance in office. So ſtrong a proviſion has the Conſtitution made to ſecure the independence of the judicators.

REVENUE, FINANCES, &c. The Revenues of the United States ariſe from duties on the tonnage of veſſels, on imported goods, wares and merchandize, and from certain internal duties. They vary every year, but muſt increaſe with the population of the country, as long as it remains in a ſtate of peace. According to the laſt report of the Secretary of the Treaſury, the total revenue of the United States amounted to about 10,600,000 Dollars, and the various expences of government, including the intereſts on the foreign and domeſtic debts, to about 10,500,000 Dollars.

MILITARY FORCE BY SEA AND LAND. The principal military force of the United States, is a well diſciplined militia, which amount to about ſeven or eight hundred thouſand men. Beſides this army of citizen ſoldiers, there are two troops of cavalry, two regiments of artilleriſts and engineers, and four regiments of infantry, employed as guards and garriſons. The navy conſiſts of ſix frigates of 44 guns, two of 36 guns, and three of 32 guns, part of which is laid up in ordinary at the City of Waſhington.

RELIGION. In a country ſettled by emigrants from all the nations in Europe, where no one religion is eſtabliſhed, and where all are tolerated, ſome of all the various Chriſtian ſects are to be found. Of theſe the Congregationaliſts, or Independents, are the moſt numerous. In New England alone, there are upwards of 1000 congregations of this denomination. Next to the Congregationaliſts the Preſbyterians are the moſt numerous. The greateſt part of them reſide in the middle States. They reckon about 440 congregations. Beſides theſe two ſocieties, there is a very reſpectable number, ſcattered through moſt of the States, of Epiſcopalians, Baptiſts, Friends, Methodiſts, Roman Catholics, Moravians, German Lutherans and German Calvaniſts.—Each ſociety ſupports its own public teachers.

The Athenians.

OF all the Greek nations the Athenians were the moſt learned and ingenious; and it is remarked, I think by Patercu-

lus, that it ſeemed as if the *ſouls* of all the Grecians were encloſed within the confines of Attica, although their *bodies* were ſpread over all the other parts of Greece. It may be ſaid to have been the land of philoſophers, orators, poets, painters, muſicians, ſculptors, and comedians; but there, ſays Charpentier, we might alſo have found impoſters, liars, ſlanderers, envious men, idlers, and cheats.

Of the degeneracy of the Athenians in the time of Philip, I ſhall tranſcribe Dr. *Leland's* very animated account, from his *Life and Reign of Philip King of Macedon.* Perhaps an *Engliſhman* may not be able to read it, without making ſome melancholy applications to a nation, but too nearly reſembling them.

"It may not be thought unworthy of attention," ſays Dr. Leland, "to examine what was the manner of private life in Athens, at the eve of its downfall, when every part of its government betrayed ſuch total corruption and depravity.

"A love for public ſpectacles was the firſt thing which the youth were taught. There, every object which could inflame their paſſions, was preſented to their view;

they hung with an effeminate pleaſure on the muſical airs with which women were employed to enervate and captivate them; they waſted their important hours, which ſhould have been devoted to diſcipline and inſtruction, in wanton dalliance with the performers, and laviſhed their fortunes, and their vigour, in an infamous commerce with theſe, and other women of abandoned characters."

"The ſchools of their philoſophers were in vain open for their inſtruction; and, poſſibly, theſe might have been held in ſome contempt, as fitted only for the formal and the recluſe, and beneath the notice of the man of buſineſs, deſtined to the exalted and active ſcenes of life. Thus, the younger men entered into what is now called the world, totally ignorant, and conſiderably corrupted; already accuſtomed to regard all ſelfiſh gratifications, as their chief happineſs, and prepared to acquire the means of theſe gratifications, by the moſt ſordid, or the moſt iniquitous practices."

"Their love of money, or their incapacity for more rational entertainment, engaged them in gaming; which when frequently indulged, is well known to grow into an infatuating habit, which

taſte and reflection cannot always ſubdue. Magnificent and coſtly feaſts were now alſo become honourable diſtinctions at Athens. The ſordid gratification of their palate became the ſtudy, and exerciſed the invention, of its inhabitants. Thus was their wealth laviſhly and ignobly waſted, while the public exigencies were ſparingly and reluctantly ſupplied."

"Athenæus has recorded one almoſt incredible inſtance of their depravity. They had lately, as we learn from this author, conferred the freedom of their city, (the higheſt compliment uſually paid to kings and potentates) on two men, whoſe only merit was, that their father had been eminent in the art of cookery, and was famous for having introduced new ſauces."

Account of Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, Profeſſor of Mathematics at Cambridge.

WHEN he was an infant, he loſt his ſight by the ſmall-pox, and at ſuch an early age, that he did not remember ever to have ſeen. He had no more ideas of

light than a perſon born blind. Notwithſtanding this misfortune, he acquired ſuch ſurpriſing knowledge of mathematics, that the profeſſorſhip at Cambridge was conferred on him. His lectures were remarkably perſpicuous; and the reaſon aſſigned for it is, that he uſed to addreſs his pupils as if they were all deprived of ſight. What appears more ſingular is, that he alſo gave lectures upon optics.

Saunderſon, by only paſſing his hand over a number of medals, could diſtinguiſh the falſe from the true, even when they were ſo well counterfeited, as to deceive the practiſed eyes of a connoiſſeur; he could judge of the exactneſs of mathematical inſtruments, by running his fingers over the diviſions. He was ſenſible of the leaſt viciſſitude in the air, and he perceived, particularly in calm weather, the preſence of objects that were at a ſmall diſtance from him. One day that he was in his garden, aſſiſting at ſome aſtronomical obſervations, he diſtinguiſhed, by the impreſſion of the air on his countenance, the different times at which the ſun was covered with clouds, and when it was not; and what renders this

particularly wonderful, is, that he was not only totally deprived of ſight, but alſo of his eyes.

Disputation.

IF people were always careful to aſcertain the truth of an event, before they diſputed on its cauſe, they would eſcape, ſays Fontenelle, the ridicule of having found a cauſe for what never exiſted. In ſupport of this obſervation, he gives the following anecdote:

"In the year 1593, it was reported, that a child ſeven years old, in Sileſia, had loſt all its teeth, and that a gold tooth had grown in the place of a natural double one. In 1595, Horſtius, profeſſor of medicine in the univerſity of Helmſtadt, wrote the hiſtory of this tooth. He ſaid, it was partly a natural event, and partly miraculous, and that the Almighty had ſent it to this child, to conſole the Chriſtians for their perſecution by the Turks.

" In the ſame year, that this golden tooth might not want hiſtorians, Rullandus wrote an account of it.

" Two years afterwards, Ingoſteterus, another learned man, wrote againſt the opinion which Rullandus had given on this tooth of gold; and Rullandus immediately replied in a moſt elegant and erudite diſſertation.

Libavius, a very learned man, compiled all that had been ſaid relative to this tooth, and ſubjoined his remarks upon it. There was nothing wanted to recommend theſe learned works, but that the tooth ſhould really have been gold.

On its being examined by a goldſmith, he found it was nothing but a gold leaf applied to the tooth with great art; but they firſt wrote their books, and then conſulted the goldſmith.

Of the Rich and Avaricious Mr. Cuttler.

CUTTLER, though poſſeſſed of an immenſe fortune, generally travelled on horſeback, and alone, for the purpoſe of ſaving expence. Whenever he ſtopped at an inn for the night, he always feigned indiſpoſition, in order to avoid taking ſupper. He would direct the ſervant to bring ſome ſtraw into his room to put into his boots, then to prepare his bed, into which he would get immediately.

As ſoon as the ſervant quitted the chamber, he would get up, and with the ſtraw that was in his boots, and with the candle which was left him, he would make a little fire, and broil a piece of meat, or fiſh, which he had in his pocket, and with ſome bread, which he carried about him conſtantly, and a draught of water, of which he always ordered a bottle-full to be put into his room, he would ſup at a very trifling expence.

Natural History of the Elephant.

Order II.—Bruta.

ANIMALS of this order are armed with ſtrong hoofs, maſticate their food, and are not formed for ſwift or elegant motion. There are ſix genera, and about ſeventeen ſpecies.

Elephant.

Of this noble animal, the largeſt of all quadrupeds, there are ſeveral varieties, but all agree in their generic and ſpecific diſtinctions. Among the inferior orders of animals, we find a genus conſiſting of ſeveral ſpecies, all ſufficiently diſtinct; but the nobler kinds vary only in ſize or colour, as they are influenced by climate, food, or other external cauſes.

On the elephant much has been written in all ages, yet we are ſtill ignorant with regard to ſome peculiarities belonging to

it. Lately, however, much new light has been thrown on the ſubject, by ſome of our ſcientific countrymen in the Eaſt-Indies, from which at length we learn that it copulates like the horſe and the mare, and that the period of female geſtation laſts about two years: facts which had been long diſputed, and which for ages lay hidden in obſcurity. Too proud to propogate its kind in a ſtate of captivity, and to rear a race of ſlaves, or perhaps too modeſt, its moſt natural propenſities were in a great meaſure extinguiſhed, as ſoon as it became the ſervant of man, and it is only from accidental obſervation that ſeveral of its habitudes have been diſcovered.

All hiſtorians agree, that next to man the elephant is the moſt ſagacious of all animals; yet were we to judge from its external appearance only, we ſhould form no very high opinion of its faculties. Its large body, covered with a callous hide, deſtitute of hair; its large unſhapen legs, which ſcarcely ſeem formed for motion; its ſmall eyes, its large pendulous ears, and its long trunk, all conſpire to give it an air of more than common ſtupidity; but, when we advert to its well known qualities, our miſconceptions are rectifi-

ed; when we contemplate the various diſadvantages which it can ſurmount, diſadvantages ariſing from its clumſy conformation, our ſurpriſe and admiration increaſe.

As no verbal deſcription, however elaborate, can give an adequate idea of its figure, we ſhall paſs over this part of its hiſtory, and endeavour to catch the leading traits of its character.

Though not only the largeſt, but the ſtrongeſt of all quadrupeds, in a ſtate of nature it is neither fierce nor miſchievous. Pacific, mild, and brave, it only exerts its powers in its own defence or that of the community to which it belongs. It is ſocial and friendly with its kind; the veteran of the troop always appears as the leader, and the next in ſeniority brings up the rear. As they march, the foreſt ſeems to ſink beneath them: in their paſſage they bear down the branches of trees, on which they feed; and, if they enter cultivated fields, the labours of agriculture ſoon diſappear. Such invaſions are the more terrible, as they cannot be repelled; for an army of men would ſcarcely be equal to the attack of their united numbers. Sometimes, however, a ſtraggler or two are aſſailed by the hunters;

and even in this caſe, it is neceſſary to employ ſtratagem againſt them as well as the force of arms; for, ſhould the hunter miſs his aim, and fail to ſecure a timely retreat, the enraged animal preſently diſcovers its aſſailant, ruſhes on him, ſtrikes him with his tuſks, ſeizes him with his trunk, toſſes him in the air, and watching his fall tramples him to death. Many fatal inſtances of this kind are recorded by travellers, &c. and a very ſtriking one may be found in Van Reenen's Journal of an expedition in queſt of the unfortunate crew of the, Groſvenor Eaſt-Indiaman.

In their natural ſtate, Elephants delight in frequenting the banks of rivers, and moiſt ſituations, environed with the deepeſt woods. They always diſturb the water before drinking, and often fill their trunks with this element, which they ſpout out in the manner of a fountain, for amuſement or revenge.

In the city of Delhi, as an elephant was paſſing along the ſtreets, it put its trunk into a taylor's ſhop, where one of the men at work pricked it with a needle, pleaſing himſelf and his comrades with the frolic. The animal diſguiſed its reſentment, but, proceeding to a dirty

puddle, filled its trunk, and, returning to the ſpot, ſpouted the contents on the offending taylors; and thus amply revenged the inſult it had received.

In Africa, elephants, perhaps, are the moſt numerous, but in Aſia they are the largeſt and moſt uſeful to man. In India particularly, they are inured, by regular and perſevering labour, to the purpoſes of peace and war, and ſold at a price proportioned to their ſize, and ſometimes to their colour: a white one they hold in the higheſt eſtimation, and in ſome places adore as a divinity.

When the elephant is once tamed, it is the moſt gentle and obedient of all animals. Its attachment to its keeper is remarkable, and it ſeems to live but to ſerve and obey him. It is quickly taught to kneel in order to receive its rider; careſſes thoſe with whom it is acquainted; and uſes its trunk as a hand to aſſiſt in taking up a part of its load.

The conductor of the elephant, who is uſually mounted on its neck, impels it with an iron rod; but in general a word is ſufficient to put it into motion, when once acquainted with its leader; and indeed it will ſeldom obey a ſtranger. There are inſtances, however, of its

having on a ſudden frenzy, from ſuppoſed ill treatment, killed its keeper; when its compunction has afterwards appeared to be extreme.

An elephant, which had been trained to draw the canon of the French forces in India, being taught to expect a certain reward from its conductor for the performance of an arduous piece of ſervice, which it executed; and, being diſappointed of its expectations, was ſo enraged, that it ſlew him. His wife, who had been a ſpectator of the horrid ſcene, inſtigated by madneſs or deſpair, immediately threw her two little ſons at the creature's feet, crying out, that ſince it had killed her huſband, it might alſo deſtroy her infants. The generous animal, recovering from its tranſport of paſſion, made a ſudden pauſe; and, liſting up the eldeſt with its trunk, placed him on its back, and ever after obeyed him with the moſt ſcrupulous punctuality.

Before the deſtructive uſe of fire-arms was known, the princes of the eaſt placed their chief dependence in war on the number and diſcipline of their elephants; but now they chiefly uſe them for parade, or as beaſts of burden. No animal in nature can be better adapted for the latter

purpoſe: it is capable of drawing with facility what ſix horſes could ſcarcely move; it can ſupport three or four thouſand pounds weight on its back, and one thouſand on its trunk alone; when puſhed on, it can travel nearly an hundred miles a day, and without violent effort, fifty or ſixty.

In India, elephants are alſo made the miniſters of penal juſtice. They are taught to execute criminals, whom they either cruſh with their trunks, or impale on their tuſks; but in thoſe barbarous offices, they are not voluntary aſſiſtants, they only act by command, and do violence to their natural diſpoſition, when they are cruel without perſonal provocation.

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to mention that the teeth of this animal are of great value, and that they furniſh ivory. For the ſake of this article alone, elephants are frequently killed; and the hunter, who is fortunate enough to come in for ſuch a prize, thinks himſelf amply recompenſed for his danger and trouble in the chace.

The elephant is ſaid to live upwards of an hundred years. To his longevity, and other prominent qualities, the poet Thomſon alludes in the following animated lines:

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave ;
Or mid the central depth of black'ning woods,
High rais'd in ſolemn theatre around,
Leans the huge ELEPHANT : wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe ! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not deſtructive ! here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,
And empires riſe and fall ; regardleſs he
Of what the never-reſting race of men
Project : thrice happy ! could he 'ſcape their guile !
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps ;
Or with tow'ry grandeur ſwell their ſtate—
The pride of kings ! or elſe his ſtrength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.

Traits of the American Indian Character. From Weld's Travels through North America.

OUR friend Nekig, the Little Otter, had been invited to dine with us at the houſe of a gentleman at Detroit, and he came accordingly, accompanied by his ſon, a little boy of about nine or ten years of age. After dinner, a variety of fruits were ſerved up, and amongſt the reſt ſome peaches, a diſh of which was handed to the young Indian. He helped himſelf to one with becoming propriety; immediately afterwards he put the fruit to his mouth, and bit a piece out of it. The father eyed him with indignation, and ſpoke ſome words to him in a low voice, which I could not underſtand, but which, on being interpreted by one of the company, proved to be a warm reprimand for his having been ſo deficient in obſervation as not to peel his peach, as he ſaw the perſon oppoſite to him had done. The little fellow was extremely aſhamed

of himſelf; but he quickly retrieved his error, by drawing a plate towards him, and peeling the fruit with the greateſt neatneſs.

Some port wine, which he was afterwards helped to, not being by any means agreeable to his palate, the little fellow made a wry face, as a child might naturally do, after drinking it. This called forth another reprimand from the father, who told him, that he deſpaired of ever ſeeing him a great man, or a good warrior, if he appeared then to diſlike what his hoſt had kindly helped him to. The boy drank the reſt of his wine with ſeeming pleaſure.

Anecdote of Dryden.

MR. DRYDEN happening to paſs an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham the Earl of Rocheſter, Lord Dorſet, and others of the firſt diſtinction and reputation for genius, the converſation turned upon literary ſubjects; ſuch as the fineneſs of compoſition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of inven-

tion, the ſmoothneſs and elegance of ſtyle, &c. &c. After ſome debate, it was finally agreed, that each perſon preſent ſhould write ſomething upon whatever ſubject chanced to ſtrike the imagination, and place it under the candleſtick. Mr. Dryden was excepted againſt in every reſpect, but as a judge of the whole. Of courſe that office was aſſigned him.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other: the man moſt tranquil and unconcerned was Lord Dorſet; who, with much eaſe and compoſure, very cooly wrote two or three lines, and careleſsly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the reſt had done ſo by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their deſtiny. In going through the whole, he diſcovered ſtrong marks of pleaſure and ſatisfaction; but at one, in particular, he diſcovered the moſt boundleſs rapture.

"I muſt acknowledge," ſays Dryden, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and ſuch as do honour to the perſonages who wrote them; but I am under the indiſpenſible neceſſity of giving the higheſt preference to Lord Dorſet. I muſt requeſt you will hear it yourſelves, Gentlemen; and I believe each and every of you will approve my judgment.

'I promiſe to pay to John Dryden, Eſq. or order, on demand, the ſum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET.'

"I muſt confeſs," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the ſtyle and the ſubject; and I flatter myſelf, Gentlemen, that I ſtand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion againſt yourſelves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the eſſence, but the quinteſſence of language; and is, in fact, reaſon and argument ſurpaſſing every thing."

The company all readily concurred with the bard; and each perſon preſent was forward to expreſs a due admiration of his Lordſhip's penetration, ſound judgment, and ſuperior abilities; with which it is probable Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon ſuch occaſions, was ſtill more thoroughly ſatisfied than any of the company.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

Answer to the Mathematical Question, proposed in the last.

Acres.	Decimal parts of an acre.	
166,	51627	One daughter's ſhare left by will.
1498,	64643	Nine Daughter's ditto.
598,	33863	Son's ſhare left by will.
483,	01494	Widow's ſhare during life.
48,	30149	For each daughter and ſon.

Therefore each daughter's ſhare,	A.	D.
after the deceaſe of the widow is	214,	817764
Son's ſhare is	646,	640124

Answers have also been received from R. Jr. and Timothy John Spinbrain: we gave the preference to the above, on account of it's being the most particular.

Orphan Boy.

JA

Published by B. Johnson N.° 31 Market Street.

The Orphan Boy.

(With an Engraving.)

STAY, lady, ſtay, for mercy's ſake,
And hear a helpleſs orphan's tale ;
Ah, ſure my looks muſt pity wake !
'Tis want that makes my cheek ſo pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy ;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
And I am now an Orphan Boy !

Poor fooliſh child, how pleaſed was I,
When news of Nelſon's vict'ry came,
Along the crowded ſtreets to fly—
And ſee the lighted window's flame !

To force me home my mother ſought—
She could not bear to ſee my joy ;
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor Orphan Boy !

The people's ſhouts were long and loud,
My mother, ſhudd'ring, ſhut her ears

" Rejoice, rejoice," ſtill cried the crowd,
My mother anſwer'd with her tears!

" Oh, why do tears ſteal down this cheek,"
Cried I, while others ſhout with joy?
She kiſſed me, and in accents weak,
She called me her poor Orphan Boy!

" What is an Orphan Boy!" I ſaid;
When ſuddenly ſhe gaſp'd for breath,
And her eyes clos'd! I ſhriek'd for aid:
But, ah, her eyes were clos'd in death!

My hardſhips ſince I will not tell:
But now, no more a parent's joy,
Ah, lady, I have learnt too well,
What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady do not chide,
Truſt me, I mean to earn my bread,
The ſailor's Orphan Boy has pride.

Lady, you weep, " what is't you ſay?"
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents, look and ſee
Your happy, happy, Orphan Boy!

A. Opie.

Michael. A Paſtoral Poem.

IF from the public way you turn your ſteps
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Gill,
You will ſuppoſe that with an upright path
Your feet muſt ſtruggle; in ſuch bold aſcent
The paſtoral mountains front you, face to face.
But, courage! for beſide that boiſterous brook
The mountains have all open'd out themſelves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation there is ſeen; but ſuch
As journey thither find themſelves alone
With a few ſheep, with rocks and ſtones, and kites
That overhead are ſailing in the ſky.
It is in truth an utter ſolitude,
Nor ſhould I have made mention of this dell
But for one object which you might paſs by,
Might ſee and notice not. Beſide the brook
There is a ſtraggling heap of unhewn ſtones;
And to that place a ſtory appertains,
Which, though it be ungarniſh'd with events,
Is not unfit, I deem, for the fire-ſide,
Or for the ſummer ſhade. It was the firſt,
The earlieſt of thoſe tales that ſpake to me
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the vallies, men
Whom I already lov'd, not verily
For their own ſakes, but for the fields and hills

Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a boy
Careleſs of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects led me on to feel
For paſſions that were not my own, and think
At random and imperfectly indeed
On man; the heart of man and human life.
Therefore, although it be a hiſtory
Homely and rude, I will relate the ſame
For the delight of a few natural hearts,
And with yet fonder feeling, for the ſake
Of youthful Poets, who among theſe Hills
Will be my ſecond ſelf when I am gone.

UPON the Foreſt-ſide in Graſmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, MICHAEL was his name,
An old man, ſtout of heart, and ſtrong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unuſual ſtrength: his mind was keen,
Intenſe and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his Shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence he had learn'd the meaning of all winds,
Of blaſts of every tone, and oftentimes
When others heeded not, He heard the South
Make ſubterraneous muſic, like the noiſe
Of Bagpipers on diſtant Highland hills;
The Shepherd, at ſuch warning, of his flock

Bethought him, and he to himſelf would ſay
The winds are now deviſing work for me!
And truly at all times the ſtorm, that drives
The Traveller to a ſhelter, ſummon'd him
Up to the mountains: He had been alone
Amid the heart of many thouſand miſts
That came to him and left him on the heights.
So liv'd he till his eightieth year was paſs'd.

And groſsly that man errs, who ſhould ſuppoſe
That the green Vallies, and the Streams and
Rocks,
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's
thoughts.
Fields, where with chearful ſpirits he had
breath'd
The common air; the hills, which he ſo oft
Had climb'd with vigorous ſteps; which had
impreſs'd
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardſhip, ſkill or courage, joy or fear;
Which like a book preſerv'd the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had ſav'd,
Had fed or ſhelter'd, linking to ſuch acts,
So grateful in themſelves, the certainty
Of honorable gains; theſe fields, theſe hills
Which were his living Being, even more
Than his own Blood—what could they leſs?
had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleaſureable feeling of blind love,
The pleaſure which there is in life itſelf.

He had not paſs'd his life in ſingleneſs.
He had a wife, a comely Matron, old
Though younger than himſelf full twenty years.
She was a woman of a ſtirring life
Whoſe heart was in her houſe; two wheels ſhe had
Of antique form, this large for ſpinning wool,
That ſmall for flax, and if one wheel had reſt,
It was becauſe the other was at work.
The Pair had but one inmate in their houſe,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael telling o'er his years began
To deem that he was old, in Shepherd's phraſe,
With one foot in the grave. This only ſon,
With two brave ſheep-dogs tried in many a ſtorm,
The one of an ineſtimable worth,
Made all their houſehold. I may truly ſay,
That they were as a Proverb in the vale
For endleſs induſtry. When day was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even then
Their labour did not ceaſe, unleſs when all
Turn'd to their cleanly ſupper-board, and there
Each with a meſs of pottage and ſkimm'd milk,
Sate round their baſket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheeſe. Yet when their meal
Was ended, LUKE, for ſo the ſon was nam'd,

And his old Father, both betook themſelves
To ſuch convenient work, as might employ
Their hands by the fire-ſide; perhaps to card
Wool for the Houſe-wife's ſpindle, or repair
Some injury done to ſickle, flail or ſcythe,
Or other implement of houſe or field.

Down from the ceiling by the chimney's edge,
Which in our ancient uncouth country ſtyle
Did with a huge projection overbrow
Large ſpace beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim, the Houſe-wife hung a lamp;
An aged utenſil, which had perform'd
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn and late,
Surviving Comrade of uncounted Hours
Which going by from year to year had found
And left the Couple neither gay perhaps
Nor chearful, yet with objects and with hopes
Living a life of eager induſtry.
And now, when LUKE was in his eighteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp they ſate,
Father and ſon, while late into the night
The Houſe-wife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage thro' the ſilent hours
Murmur as with the ſound of ſummer flies.
Not with a waſte of words, but for the ſake
Of pleaſure, which I know that I ſhall give
To many living now, I of this Lamp
Speak thus minutely; for there are no few
Whoſe memories will bear witneſs to my Tale.

The Light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public Symbol of the life,
The thrifty Pair had lived. For as it chanc'd,
Their Cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect North and South,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmal-Raise,
And Westward to the village near the Lake:
And from this constant light so regular
And so far seen, the House itself by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was nam'd THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years,
The Shepherd, if he lov'd himself, must needs
Have lov'd his Help-mate; but to Michael's heart
This Son of his old age was yet more dear—
Effect which might perhaps have been produc'd
By that instinctive tenderness, the same
Blind Spirit, which is in the blood of all;
Or that a child, more than all other gifts,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And Stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
From such, and other causes, to the thoughts
Of the Old Man his only son was now
The dearest object that he knew on earth.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His Heart and his Heart's joy! For oftentimes

Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female ſervice, not alone
For dalliance and delight, as is the uſe
Of Fathers, but with patient mind enforc'd
To acts of tenderneſs; and he had rock'd
His cradle with a woman's gentle hand.

And in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on Boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a ſtern unbending mind,
To have the Young-one in his ſight, when he
Had work by his own door, or when he ſate
With ſheep before him on his Shepherd's ſtool,
Beneath that large old Oak, which near their door
Stood, and from its enormous breadth of ſhade
Choſen for the Shearer's covert from the ſun,
Thence in our ruſtic dialect was call'd
The CLIPPING-TREE,* a name which yet it bears.
There while they two were ſitting in the ſhade,
With others round them, earneſt all and blithe,
Would Michael exerciſe his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof beſtow'd
Upon the child, if he diſturb'd the ſheep
By catching at their legs, or with his ſhouts
Scar'd them, while they lay ſtill beneath the ſhears.

* *Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing.*

And when by Heaven's good grace the Boy grew up
A healthy lad, and carried in his cheek
Two ſteady roſes that were five years old,
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a ſapling, which he hoop'd
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requiſites a perfect Shepherd's Staff,
And gave it to the boy; wherewith equipp'd,
He, as a watchman oftentimes was plac'd,
At gate or gap, to ſtem or turn the flock,
And to his office prematurely call'd
There ſtood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help,
And for this cauſe not always. I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praiſe.

While this good houſehold thus were living on
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Diſtreſsful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I ſpeak, the Shepherd had been bound
In ſurety for his Brother's Son, a man
Of an induſtrious life, and ample means,
But unforeſeen misfortunes ſuddenly
Had preſs'd upon him, and old Michael now
Was ſummon'd to diſcharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little leſs
Than half his ſubſtance. This unlook'd for claim

At the firſt hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he ſuppoſed
That any old man ever could have loſt.
As ſoon as he had gather'd ſo much ſtrength
That he could look his trouble in the face,
It ſeem'd that his ſole refuge was to ſell
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his firſt reſolve; he thought again,
And his heart fail'd him. "Iſabel," ſaid he
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than ſeventy years,
And in the open ſun-ſhine of God's love
Have we all lived, yet if theſe fields of ours
Should paſs into a Stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot! the Sun itſelf
Has ſcarcely been more diligent than I,
And I have liv'd to be a fool at laſt
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were falſe to us; and if he were not falſe,
There are ten thouſand to whom loſs like this
Had been no ſorrow. I forgive him—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus:
When I began, my purpoſe was to ſpeak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke ſhall leave us, Iſabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it ſhall be free;
He ſhall poſſeſs it, free as is the wind
That paſſes over it. We have, thou knoweſt,
Another kinſman, he will be our friend
In this diſtreſs. He is a proſperous man,

Thriving in trade, and Luke to him ſhall go,
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift,
He quickly will repair this loſs, and then
May come again to us. If here he ſtay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor
What can be gain'd?' at this the old man paus'd,
And Iſabel ſate ſilent, for her mind
Was buſy, looking back into paſt times.
There's Richard Bateman, thought ſhe to herſelf,
He was a pariſh-boy—At the church-door
They made a Gathering for him, ſhillings, pence, (bought
And half-pennies, wherewith the neighbours
A Baſket, which they fill'd with Pedlars's wares,
And with this Baſket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a maſter there,
Who out of many choſe the truſty boy
To go and overlook his merchandize
Beyond the ſeas, where he grew wond'rous rich,
And left eſtates and monies to the poor,
And at his birth-place built a Chapel, floor'd
With marble which he ſent from foreign lands.
Theſe thoughts, and many others of like ſort,
Paſs'd quickly through the mind of Iſabel,
And her face brighten'd. The old man was glad,
And thus reſum'd. "Well! Iſabel, this ſcheme

These two days has been meat and drink to me.
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
—We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger, but this hope is a good hope.
—Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
—If he could go, the boy should go to-night."

Here Michael ceas'd, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work; for, when she lay
By Michael's side, she for the two last nights
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
And when they rose at morning she could see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
Were sitting at the door,—"Thou must not go,
"We have no other child but thee to lose,
"None to remember—do not go away,
"For if thou leave thy father he will die."
The lad made answer with a jocund voice,
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recover'd heart. That evening her best fare

Did ſhe bring forth, and all together ſate
Like happy people round a Chriſtmas fire.

Next morning Iſabel reſum'd her work,
And all the enſuing week the houſe appear'd
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
The expected letter from their kinsman came,
With kind aſſurances that he would do
His utmoſt for the welfare of the boy,
To which requeſts were added that forthwith
He might be ſent to him. Ten times or more
The letter was read over; Iſabel
Went forth to ſhew it to the neighbours round:
Nor was there at that time on Engliſh land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Iſabel
Had to her houſe return'd, the old man ſaid,
"He ſhall depart to-morrow." To this word
The houſewife anſwered, talking much of things
Which, if at ſuch ſhort notice he ſhould go,
Would ſurely be forgotten. But at length
She gave conſent, and Michael was at eaſe.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Gill,
In that deep valley, Michael had deſign'd
To build a ſheep-fold, and, before he heard
The tidings of his melancholy loſs,
For this ſame purpoſe he had gathered up
A heap of ſtones, which cloſe to the brook-ſide
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walk'd,

And ſoon as they had reach'd the place he
ſtopp'd,
And thus the old man ſpake to him. "My ſon!
To-morrow thou wilt leave me; with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the ſame
That wert a promiſe to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life has been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee ſome little part
Of our two hiſtories; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I ſhould ſpeak
Of things thou canſt not know of.—After thou
Firſt cam'ſt into the world, as it befalls
To new-born infants, thou didſt ſleep away
Two days, and bleſſings from thy Father's
tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day paſs'd on,
And ſtill I lov'd thee with encreaſing love.
Never to living ear came ſweeter ſounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fire-ſide
Firſt uttering without words a natural tune,
When thou, a feeding babe, didſt in thy joy
Sing at thy mother's breaſt. Month follow'd
month,
And in the open field's my life was paſs'd,
And in the mountains, elſe I think that thou
Hadſt been brought up upon thy father's knees.
—But we were playmates, Luke! Among
theſe hills,
As well thou know'ſt, in us the old and young
Have play'd together, nor with me didſt thou
Lack any pleaſure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart; but at theſe words
He ſobb'd aloud; the old man graſp'd his

hand,
And ſaid,—"Nay, do not take it ſo—I ſee
That theſe are things of which I need not
ſpeak.
—Even to the utmoſt I have been to thee
A kind and a good father; and herein
I but repay a gift which I myſelf
Receiv'd at others hands, for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I ſtill
Remember them who lov'd me in my youth.
Both of them ſleep together; here they liv'd
As all their forefathers had done, and when
At length their time was come, they were not
loth
To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wiſh'd that thou ſhould'ſt live the life they
liv'd.
But 'tis a long time to look back, my ſon,
And ſee ſo little gain from ſixty years.
Theſe fields were burthen'd when they came
to me;
'Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toil'd and toil'd; God bleſs'd me in my work,
And till theſe three weeks paſt the land was
free.
—It looks as if it never could endure
Another maſter. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it ſeems good
That thou ſhould'ſt go." At this the old man
paus'd,
Then pointing to the ſtones near which they
ſtood,

Thus, after a ſhort ſilence he reſum'd :—
" This was a work for us, and now, my ſon,
It is a work for me. But, lay one ſtone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
I for the purpoſe brought thee to this place.
Nay, Boy, be of good hope ;—we both may live
To ſee a better day. At eighty-four
I ſtill am ſtrong and ſtout ;—do thou thy part
I will do mine.—I will begin again
With many taſks that were reſign'd to thee ;
Up to the heights, and in among the ſtorms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone
Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bleſs thee, Boy !
Thy heart theſe two weeks has been beating faſt
With many hopes—it ſhould be ſo—yes—yes—
I knew that thou could'ſt never have a wiſh
To leave me. Luke, thou haſt been bound to me
Only by links of love, when thou art gone
What will be left to us !—But, I forget
My purpoſes. Lay now the corner-ſtone,
As I requeſted, and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, ſhould evil men
Be thy companions, let this ſheep-fold be
Thy anchor and thy ſhield ; amid all fear
And all temptation, let it be to thee
An emblem of the life thy fathers liv'd,
Who being innocent, did for that cauſe

Beſtir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
When thou return'ſt, thou in this place wilt ſee
A work which is not here, a Covenant
'Twill be between us—but whatever fate
Befall thee, I ſhall love thee to the laſt,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The ſhepherd ended here; and Luke ſtoop'd down,
And as his father had requeſted, laid
The firſt ſtone of the ſheep-fold; at the ſight
The old man's grief broke from him, to his heart
He preſs'd his ſon, he kiſſed him, and wept;
And to the houſe together they return'd.

Next morning, as had been reſolv'd, the Boy
Began his journey, and when he had reach'd
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbours as he paſs'd their doors
Came forth, with wiſhes and with farewell pray'rs,
That follow'd him till he was out of ſight.

A good report did from their kinsman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing; and the boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wond'rous news,
Which, as the houſewife phras'd it were throughout
The prettieſt letters that were ever ſeen.
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.

So, many months paſs'd on: And once again
The ſhepherd went about his daily work
With confident and chearful thoughts; and now
Sometimes when he could find a leiſure hour
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the ſheep-fold. Meantime Luke began
To ſlacken in his duty, and at length
He in the diſſolute city gave himſelf
To evil courſes; ignominy and ſhame
Fell on him, ſo that he was driven at laſt
To ſeek a hiding place beyond the ſeas.

There is a comfort in the ſtrength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which elſe
Would break the heart:—Old Michael found it ſo.
I have convers'd with more than one who well
Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unuſual ſtrength. Among the rocks
He went, and ſtill look'd up upon the ſun,
And liſten'd to the wind; and as before
Perform'd all kinds of labour for his ſheep,
And for the land his ſmall inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart

For the old man—and 'tis believ'd by all
That many and many a day he thither went
And never lifted up a ſingle ſtone.
There, by the ſheep-fold, ſometimes was he ſeen
Sitting alone, with that his faithful dog,
Then old, beſide him, lying at his feet.
The length of full ſeven years from time to time
He at the building of this ſheep-fold wrought
And left the work unfiniſh'd when he died.

Three years, or little more, did Iſabel,
Survive her huſband: At her death the eſtate
Was ſold, and went into a ſtranger's hand.
The cottage, which was nam'd the Evening Star,
Is gone, the ploughſhare has been through the ground
On which it ſtood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood, yet the oak is left
That grew beſide their door; and the remains
Of the unfiniſh'd ſheep-fold may be ſeen
Beſide the boiſterous brook of Green head Gill.

INDEX TO VOLUME II.

	Page
The Wanderer	3
A Thought	8
The Budget—No. II.	10
Natural Hiſtory—of the Baboon & Monkey kind	14
Providence	22
The Amateur—No. III.	23
Adventures of a Family Bible	32
Amurath—an eaſtern tale	39
Anecdote of Dr. Johnſon	50
Extract from Judge Ruſh's Charge	52
Angling	57
Gratitude	58
Diſcipline	59
Lubin & his dog Tray	61
The Slave	65
Verſes written on the Sand	67
The Evening Primroſe	*ibid.*
Review	70
Curſory Thoughts on the Creation	75
The Amateur—No. IV.	81
The Moraliſt	87
Indiſcriminate Applauſe	93
Life of Lavater	94
Anecdote of Profeſſor Junker	9
Natural Hiſtory of the Bat	1
Welch Grave Yards	1
Civility and Politeneſs	1
Frugality	1

Page

On Education 121
Pompous Embaſſy 125
Indian Anecdote 126
Anecdote 127
Mathematical Queſtion . . 128
Edwin . . . 130
Complaint of an African Woman 133
To a frighted Hare . . 136
The beggar 138
To thoſe who are pleaſed with nothing 141
The Freeman 142
The vacant mind 144
The Moraliſt 145
Omar 153
Geography of the United States 159
The Athenian 174
Account of Dr. Saunderſon 177
Diſputation . . . 179
Mr. Cuttler 181
Natural Hiſtory—of the Elephant 182
Traits of the Indian Character 190
Anecdote of Dryden . . 191
Anſwer to the Mathematical queſtion 194
Orphan Boy 195
Michael a paſtoral 197